

THE
GREAT ISLAND
—
DON C. SEITZ

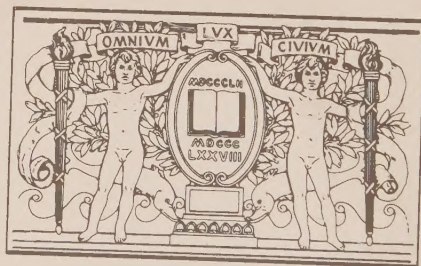


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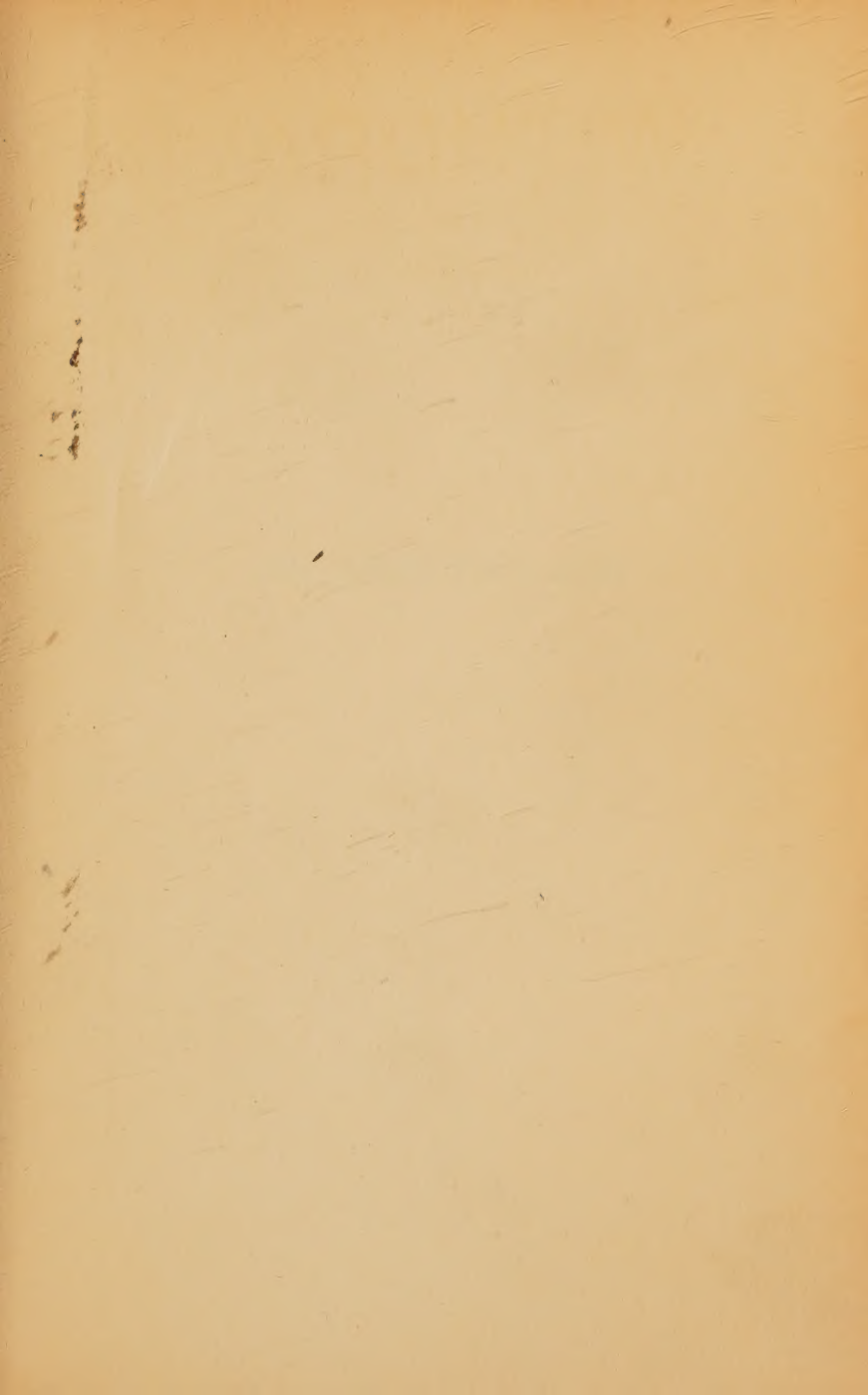
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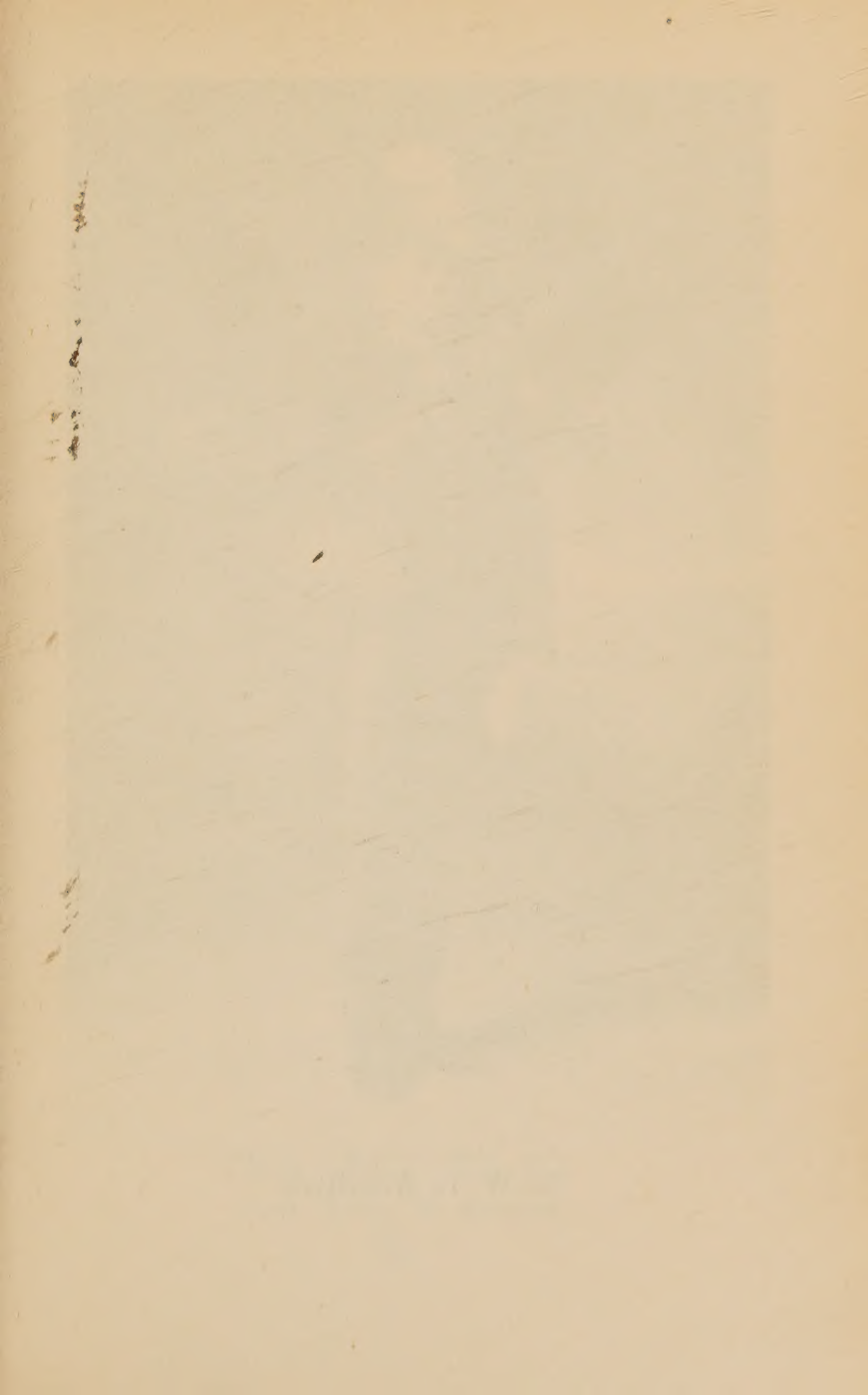




THE GREAT ISLAND



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Sir W. L. Allardyce

THE GREAT ISLAND

*Some observations in and about the
Crown Colony of Newfoundland*

BY
Carlos
DON C. SEITZ

AUTHOR OF "DISCOVERIES IN EVERYDAY EUROPE,"
"ELBA AND ELSEWHERE," "SURFACE JAPAN," ETC.



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TO
T. V. HARTNETT, ESQ.
WITH MANY OBLIGATIONS

FOREWORD

The first real friend I ever had was a dog. He lived across the street in Malone, New York, where I was at the moment, a very lonely small boy, son of the "new minister," and eyed with suspicion because of that fact by other youngsters. His name was Captain, and he came from Newfoundland. He had no prejudice against ministers' sons, but extended his paw at first sight to my nine-year-old self. After that I did not lack society. So long as we lived in Malone—the usual short time of a clergyman—we were intimates. Winter was a time of joy. Nothing gave Captain more pleasure than to seize the sled-rope in his teeth and race down an inclined sidewalk that terminated in steps above a steep snow-bank. There he would brace himself, with all fours, so that the sled would slide about and land the rider in a deep drift, at which Captain would bark and dance with glee. The big black fellow was always ready for a frolic. I have

FOREWORD

never forgotten him, and have ever since loved his kind.

For long the Newfoundland was the most popular dog in America. His strain remains, and as he made the Great Island best known in the United States, I have acclaimed the dog to introduce the American reader to a near-by country, magnificent in its scenery, abounding in lakes and streams, stocked with trout and great salmon, its wide uplands peopled with caribou, noblest of the deer family, while the sea affords the finest food fishing in the world, and its mines remain treasure-houses for the world.

To the traveler seeking novelty, the fisherman wishing to fill his creel, the hunter after quarry, and the investor seeking opportunity, Newfoundland holds out its hospitality with no meagre hand. To be something of a guide to all it offers this book is written.

D. C. S.

Cos Cob,
Connecticut,
June, 1926.

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CHAPTER I

NEW FOUND LAND

OUTPOST of a continent, guarding the mouth of the River St. Lawrence and the approach to the Great Lakes of North America, the majestic island of Newfoundland possesses neither fortress, cannon, soldiers, nor ships of war, yet remains invincible, impregnable, and unassailed. Montaigne once remarked that he had observed the strongest defenses had to sustain the most assaults. In a world of guns and garrisons, Newfoundland stands out unique. It rejects the sisterhood of Canada, and bears but lightly upon the motherhood of England. A crown colony in name, it is independent and a law unto itself.

Lying in one of the world's chief pathways, its merits are but little known to the people of the nations. Yet it is the oldest of English-speaking communities in the Western World and almost an-

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tedates the settlements of Spain. John Cabot first laid his far-searching eyes upon it in 1497, five years after Columbus saw the flickering light upon San Salvador.

In an age when meticulous statesmen exclude Italians from the proud "free" shores of the United States, it is worth while to mention that Cabot, like Columbus, Vespucci, and Verazzano, was an Italian, born in Venice. But his ship, the *Matthew*, and his crew of eighteen, were both of Bristol. They called it "Bristowe" when they sailed from that harbor on May 2, 1497, and pointed their prow toward the west. Land was sighted on St. John's day (May 27); so by this fact the chief city of the island has come to be St. John's. But one "foreigner" beside the captain was on board, a Burgundian whose name has not come down to us. "Cabot" has since become the most aristocratic of New England names. It lives particularly in the memory of the late Henry Cabot Lodge, senator from Massachusetts, and in the famous quatrain:

Here's to good old Boston
Home of the Bean and the Cod
Where Cabots speak only to Abbots
And Abbots speak only to God.

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Some dispute exists as to the elder Cabot's right of discovery, his son, Sebastian, being often accorded the credit. But as it is written in the annals of Henry VII, that monarch paid, on "August 10th, 1497, to hyme that found the new isle, £10." The thrifty ruler was not in the habit of giving fifty dollars to undeserving explorers. It seems a small price to pay for forty-two thousand square miles of territory. Those who cavil, however, should remember that the Dutchmen bought the island of Manhattan for twenty-four dollars and never bragged of their bargain.

The Arctic current laves the shores of Newfoundland, and summer brings the icebergs to salute as they drift by, glittering like castles of crystal in the sun. One paused not long since to look into the harbor of St. John's, and was so mighty in its dimensions as to almost establish a blockade. The iceberg is always dignified in its conduct, and finally this one, finding itself unwelcome, went on its way. Sometimes great bergs overturn off the coast and create miniature tidal waves.

All lands owe much to the mysterious currents of the sea. The Gulf Stream makes habitable the Atlantic coast of North America and the British is-

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lands. By strange apposition the Arctic stream that flows out of Baffin's Bay brings Newfoundland prosperity as well as icebergs. The latter are not products of the sea but age-old compressions of snow squeezed by its own icy weight out of the glacier-filled valleys of Greenland, and so launched on voyages that end always in liquefaction.

They come in vast flotillas from their source in the hyperborean, to menace ships and adorn the sea. But the chill waters afford a home for more than icebergs. They make the offshores of Newfoundland, and the Grand Banks that lie beyond them, the haunts of countless codfish. Through four centuries these dwellers of the deep have given the world more wealth than all the El-Dorados that have lured men to strange lands and stranger adventures. While Sir Walter Raleigh turned his imagination toward the cities of Cibola, with their towers of gold, his equally adventurous stepbrother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, discerned the greater wealth of Newfoundland. Cabot, in announcing his discovery, ornaed it with fish-stories of the first magnitude. Shrovetide called for food that was not flesh. The world was Catholic, and the tales were hailed with joy. So it came about that, eager

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to make use of his valuable discovery, John Cabot, besides King Henry's ten pounds plus a pension of twenty more, acquired on February 3, 1498, the right for exclusive venturing by the following royal warrant:

Knowe ye that we of our Grace especiale and dyvers causes us moving, We have given and granten and by these presents give and graunte, to our well beloved John Kabotto, the Venecian, sufficiente auctorite and power that be by him, his Deputie or Deputies, sufficient may take at his pleasure VI English shippes in any Porte or Portes, or other places within this our Realm of England or obeisance, so that, and if the said shippes be of the burthen of CC tons, or under, with their apparail requisite and neccessarie for the safe conduct of the said shippes, and them convey and leade to the Lande and Isles of late founde by the said John, in our name and by our commandment: Paying for them and every of them as if we should in or for our own cause pay and none otherwise.

That is, he was permitted to go a-fishing at his own expense. It will also be perceived that his Majesty was a bad speller. It is difficult to imagine what would have been the fate of any one who ventured to call the late senator from Massachu-

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setts "Henry Kabotto Lodge." It may be added that the twenty-pound pension, payable semiannually, did not come out of the king's pockets, but from the revenues of Bristol. Thus authorized, John Cabot sailed again the next spring for his new island, and soon was trailed by the more adventurous navigators of his adopted town. French, Spanish, Portuguese, followed fast from their Lenten lands, and a great source was so added to the world's supply of food.

Whatever the reason—probably because he was a friendless foreigner—Cabot lost his warrant in March, 1501. It is evident that a pioneer fishing trust cut him out of his rights. Thomas Ashenurst, John Thomas, and Richard Warde, affluent merchants of Bristol, took them up, in partnership with John Fernando, John Gonzalo, and Francis Fernando, who had a similar status in the Azores.

Keen men of business were the venders of that remote day. Changes resulted in the charter; new partners came in and did a great business, but were not able to monopolize the gardens of the deep. Other explorers widened the area of the fishing-grounds. Gaspar Cortereal, under the sign manual of the king of Portugal, coasted the Great Island,



Topsail Falls

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touched Labrador and Greenland. He claimed Terra Nova, as he called the new-found isle, for his royal master, and was given title as its governor. Fishermen came after him in large fleets from Portugal and Spain, pressed hard by their brethren of France. The Bristol men disappear from the record for half a century or so, though it is hard to believe that all this while they were not taking their share.

During this period, Jacques Cartier put the French mark on Canada by his voyage up the St. Lawrence to Montreal, and the fishing grew to great proportions. Henry VIII's matrimonial infelicities took much of his time, and he neglected his possible possessions overseas. His daughter, Queen Mary, who was under Spanish influence and busy burning heretics, was also negligent. Not until the red-haired Elizabeth came upon the throne did England begin to arouse. It was left to Anne Boleyn's aggressive daughter to put England on a map of its own—and many others.

Queen Elizabeth, who inherited thrift from her amiable father, encouraged the Newfoundland fisheries by decreeing, through an act of Parliament, that her loyal subjects should eat fish on

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Wednesdays as well as Saturdays, the latter day having been selected instead of Friday by her father when his domestic difficulties caused him to establish the Church of England, and break Catholic habits by law. Sir Walter Raleigh is given the credit for enlisting the Queen's interest in the welfare of the adventurous cod-hunters.

The English interest in Newfoundland began with the issuance on June 11, 1578, of a charter to Sir Humphrey Gilbert, by which he himself, his heirs and assigns were given authority to "discover, occupy and possess" such "heathen lands not actually possessed of any prince or people, as should seem good to him or them." Gilbert's design was to discover a northwest passage to China, the dream of all the explorers of his day. He had many troubles, the chief of which was to extract enough money from the government, which was in his debt, to cover the cost of his efforts. On June 11, 1583, he was at last in shape to sail from Plymouth with five ships, of light tonnage, and a blessing conferred by his gracious Queen Elizabeth, who had a finger in the venture. The men of Devon, who manned his fleet, though hardy seamen, seem to have had small stomach for the rather mystic plans

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of Sir Humphrey. One vessel, the *Ark Raleigh*, named after his half-brother Sir Walter, turned back. The four others persisted until, on August 3, 1583, they sailed into the port that is now St. John's, and began the first of English colonies in the New World.

When Gilbert entered the harbor of St. John's, he found, instead of wild desolation, "a place very populous and much frequented," which caused him to open his ports and clear for action. It proved unnecessary however, to use force. If he had tried it, the results would probably have been adverse. Fishing-fleets of sundry nations were there, ruled by an "admiral," who was the captain of the first ship to arrive in the season. This official made them welcome. In all there were "between thirty and forty sail." The new governor betook himself ashore on August 4. Here he set up his tent among roses that were growing wild and found an abundance of raspberries in fruit. To the assembled captains of all nations Gilbert then read his commission and established the royal seal. There was no effort to keep him from his dominion as one who had been forestalled. He took possession by turning a sod and "receiving

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the same with a hazell wande." This done, after English fashion, he began to lay down laws as follows: (1) establishing the Church of England; (2) prescribing as high treason any effort prejudicial to her Majesty's rights; (3) to crop the ears and seize the ships and property of any one who should utter words of dishonor to her Majesty.

These dicta were not opposed. The English being in the strongest force, the "foreigners" were complacent and accepted the situation without protest. Gilbert had come poorly provided, and the food supply at once became a problem. Three accounts of the excursion survive, and of these that of Hayes, of the *Golden Hind*, recites good treatment from the "Portugals," who presented the Devons with "wines, marmalades, most fine rusk of biscuits, sweet oils, and sundry delicacies." Also "we wanted not of fresh salmon, trouts, lobsters, and other fresh fish brought daily unto us."

From this station Sir Humphrey went exploring, groping about the bays, straits, and headlands, seeking the crevice that might lead to Cathay. Ill fortune attended him. The largest of his fleet, the *Delight*, was lost. On August 31 he sailed for

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England in the little ten-ton *Squirrel*, in company with the *Golden Hind*, of forty tons. A great storm befell off the Azores, which are the nearest spots of earth to Newfoundland across the Atlantic, lying but nine hundred miles away. Sir Humphrey refused to leave the *Squirrel* for the stouter ship. He was last seen on Monday, September 9, 1583. Hayes, captain of the *Hind*, which was nearly cast away but righted for the moment, records that "giving forth signs of joy, the general, sitting abaft, with a book in his hand, cried out unto us in the *Hind*: 'We are as near to heaven by sea as by land.'" That same Monday night, the *Squirrel* "being ahead of us in the *Golden Hind*, suddenly her lights were out." They were never lit again. The sea swallowed up the trifling craft, and with it Sir Humphrey and all his crew. So vanished this valiant and gallant man, to whom England owes the suggestion that bred the British Museum, and much of learning and science. Longfellow has exalted the event in a lofty poem that is wrong in all its facts and geography, crediting the "Corsair Death" as "sailing southward with a fleet of ice" in this fervid fashion:

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His lordly ships of ice
Glisten in the sun;
On each side like pennons wide,
Flashing crystal streamlets run.

It would be an enterprising iceberg that succeeded in reaching the Azores, much less a "fleet" that "drilled" Gilbert, according to the poet.

The *Golden Hind* survived to carry Sir Francis Drake around the world. The merchant fishermen sailed away from St. John's and left Gilbert's few remaining followers behind to struggle with a situation for which they were not fitted. The star of Sir Walter Raleigh rose in England, and the country began the reaching out that made it great. The settling of Virginia under Raleigh's auspices gave more promise than the dark northern coast of the new-found isle. Sir John Gilbert strove to keep his brother's charter alive, but it had little potency. Troubles with Spain, which led to the forming of the Armada, were brewing, and Spanish fishermen to the number of six hundred were seized by an English fleet under Sir Bernard Drake. None returned to test the fishing the next year, but Spain did not suffer for salted sustenance as will be seen.

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Following Gilbert's disastrous enterprise, Richard Whithourne, also a Devon man, made himself important in the affairs of Newfoundland. Indeed, to him England owes her first real knowledge of the Great Island. Besides doing much for development, he wrote and published an account of the country that is now a rarity.

The defeat of the Armada left Britain secure upon the sea, and the westward movement began. Martin Pring and Captain John Smith spread knowledge of New England. Soon there were settlements, sparse and few, preceding the portentous movement of the Pilgrim Fathers to Plymouth and the coming of the Puritans to Shawmut.

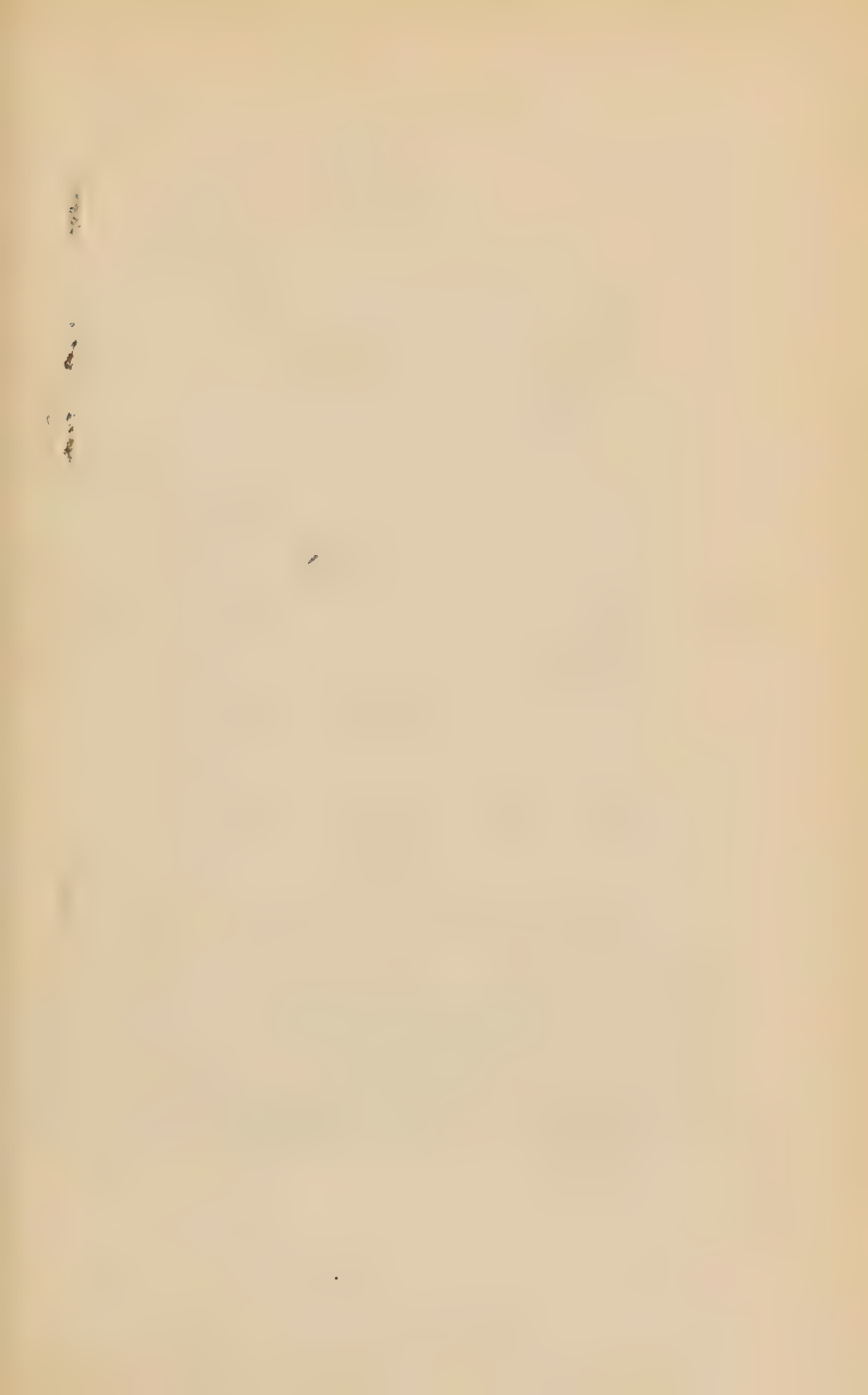
In the midst of this activity Alderman Sir John Guy founded the London and Bristol Company to deal with the advantages of Newfoundland. King James Stuart granted a charter in 1610. Guy's company selected a cove, since called Cupid's, on Conception Bay, not far from St. John's, as the starting-point. Soon the new concern was in trouble. Guy, its first "governor," sought to dictate to the fishermen at St. John's and was defied by their admiral. He also put on airs and built a mansion. Not liking his manners, the fishermen

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asked the king to clear him out, but he held too strong a place at court to be thus easily displaced. Failing to move his Majesty James I, they destroyed Guy's sawmill and did their best to discourage his enterprise. Guy, who seems to have been a man of parts, persisted. He imported domestic animals, and a Church of England divine, the Rev. Erasmus Stourton, who became noted for his zeal.

Guy was unable to control the free lances at St. John's, and there was constant trouble, enhanced by occasional descents of pirates upon the coast. These were usually English hijackers who robbed the French, Spanish, and Portuguese shipping, though not averse to an occasional raid ashore. Then a full-sized man came to ward the colony in the person of Captain John Mason, whose rule began in 1615. Captain Mason was a graduate of Oxford, and an able man, who went from college into the king's navy. He wrote "A Briefe Discourse of the New Foundland" that is rare and valuable. Mason brought things to order, suppressed piracy, and made a name for himself that led to high service. Guy's company acquired sufficient stability to last until 1628.

Contemporaneous with Guy, Sir William





Cabot Tower

Vaughn planted a colony of Welshmen on Tre-passey Bay, where he acquired a large grant. This did not do well, and Vaughn sold much of his land to another man of parts, George Calvert, Lord Baltimore. Calvert had conceived the idea of setting up a Catholic colony to offset the dominion of the Puritans in the New World. He began sending settlers to his lands in 1621, and secured a charter with large concessions from King James in 1623. His patent covered much of the Avalon Peninsula, a long projection to the southeast on the outermost end of the island, reaching landward from the Bay of Placentia. Calvert himself did not come to the colony until 1627. His stay was short, but he returned the next year with his family and set up an establishment. He devised means of defense by which he beat off three French ships of war, commanded by M. de la Rade of Dieppe, who came into Placentia and rounded up the fishermen. Calvert had a couple of well armed vessels, which aided in hastening M. de la Rade's departure. He had much trouble with the French and his neighbors from Devon and Wales, so much so that he besought protection from the king. One of his vexations was the Rev. Erasmus Stour-

ton, who liked not the presence of a Popish colony on the island. Stourton, being banished for his hostile acts, took refuge with the Pilgrims at Plymouth and there spread slanders about Calvert that grieved him greatly.

He found the country barren, cold, and sickly and besought his Majesty to give him room in the more congenial climate of Virginia, where he could transport himself and his forty Catholic followers. The king (Charles I) considered his request kindly and set aside fair spaces on the agreeable shores of Chesapeake Bay. The king had established his Star Chamber, and under its methods, the Duke of Hamilton and Sir David Kirke received great grants of privileges that controvened the charter given Calvert by James. Long litigation followed. Calvert died in 1632, before his Maryland charter was executed, so it descended to his son James, to whom we owe Baltimore and the beginnings of our Maryland. Another son, Cecil, took over the Newfoundland properties. Kirke dominated the colony, and when Cromwell overthrew the Stuarts, Cecil Calvert at once became a follower of the protector, while Kirke remained a royalist. Cromwell was not slow in making his prowess felt, and

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his course was of benefit to the island. When the Lord Protector went his way and the frail second Charles took the throne, more as a tool of Louis XIV than ruler of England, French power in distant lands began to rise to commanding heights, and Newfoundland was made to feel its effects.

How far the weak-kneed Charles connived at French aggression, surface history does not show. Perhaps it was part of the price he paid for Louise de K  roualle, Duchess of Portsmouth. At any rate, in 1662 "a great French ship" full of men, women, and soldiers put into Grand Placentia, on the south shore of the island, and proceeded to take possession. They landed eighteen cannon and built a fort. The few English on the ground were amazed, the more so when the French commandant told them he acted under a commission from his king, under a grant from Charles II. Soon the new-comers had turned the natural advantages of the place into a stronghold, from which they were never to be driven by force.

The selection was well made. The site was beautiful, the harbor easily defended, and the waters teeming with fish and lobsters. It became at once the port of the fishing-fleets from Dunkirk,

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and Louis le Grand, ever careless of the welfare of his subjects, gave them a bad governor in the person of an adventurer named Gargot. Those who elected to remain behind between fishing-seasons had a hard time. Gargot received no salary and set up a shop for making a living. Permitting no competition, he sold provisions and clothing at his own price and forced tribute from the fishermen. His successor, one de la Poype, was no better, and the colonists begged that he be removed. To add to their misery they were often despoiled by English privateers, who were operating ostensibly against Spain in the period of buccaneering, but were not choice in their plundering.

Charles had taken on a conflict with Holland, and the Dutch ravaged the harbors doing much as they pleased. They were also at war with France and raided the Placentia shore, taking many fishermen. Frontenac became governor of Canada, and the French were better protected but failed to thrive. Worse than the Dutch, the new-found land now attracted the attention of Sir Josiah Child, master mind of the powerful East India Company. He put out a pamphlet deprecating the private energies of the people in Newfound-

land and New England, and a plan to reduce both to peonage, depriving them of their ships and the profitable trade overseas—this all to be diverted to English-owned bottoms. Incredible as it may seem, this unholy scheme was put into effect. By orders in council of May 5, 1674, the commander of his Majesty's convoy, bound from Newfoundland, was instructed to "admonish the inhabitants either to return home to England, or to betake themselves to others of his plantations." For the rest, the fisheries and all the resulting trade were to be operated from Great Britain. No planter was to be allowed to cut wood or inhabit the island within six miles of the shore. As to fishing or trading, a complete embargo was established against the island, which was this time turned over to Child's corporation named the Western Adventurers. Fortunately, some sturdy fishermen, led by John Downing and George Kirke, refused to obey and roused such a protest, not only in Newfoundland, but in England, that his Majesty's ministers had to take heed, even with their pockets full of shares in Child's concern; by March, 1677, they had backed down. The effect of the trouble was a close contact between the fishermen and their

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imperiled fellow-colonists in New England, who stood with them against Child and improved their mutual trade relations. The West Indian planters also took up the cause of the Newfoundlanders and did more business buying fish with an agreeable exchange of sugar, molasses, and rum. The expulsion of the second James, and the seating of William and Mary upon the English throne, brought on a war with France. Frontenac sent privateers from Quebec to harass the shore settlements of the English on Newfoundland, and a strong French fleet guarded Placentia, which was now assailed by Commodore Williams, with three sixty-gun ships and a couple of sloops of war. M. de Brouillon, the governor, though badly prepared, received the commodore so warmly that he was glad to retire, after pounding the rocks for six hours with small results. In retaliation, the Chevalier Nesmond made an attack on St. John's. He had no better luck than Williams. So it was a draw.

When summer came, in 1696, Frontenac issued an order to that distinguished gentleman, Pierre Le Moyne d'Iberville, founder of Louisiana, to destroy the English settlements, and he set about

the disagreeable business with two men of war. *L'Envieux* and the *Profound* reached Placentia on September 12, 1696, and after a disagreement with de Brouillon, d'Iberville proceeded to operate by land, having brought Indian warriors from Canada to aid in the enterprise. Thirty-six settlers were massacred at Petty Harbor, by way of clearing the road to St. John's. Here they were resisted by volunteers. These held their ground until they had lost thirty-four men, when they retired in good order. In the end, after three days' defense, they were compelled to surrender the settlement and were basely treated in return. The town was burned and its inhabitants left to their misery.

Admiral Sir John Norris retook and fortified St. John's, but the war went on until the Peace of Ryswick put an end to its horrors. The French, however, kept their shore, and Newfoundland gained little but respite. No stable government was established, and the grotesque fishing admirals continued to control during their season, dealing out rude justice and lacing much of their proceedings with strong waters.

Queen Anne's war with the French revived the old difficulties but found the island in a better pos-

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ture for defense. French attacks met with repulse, while England was aggressive, mainly against the French fishing-fleet. Her Majesty favored the colony with a military governor, Major Lloyd, who was drunken and tyrannical. He quarreled with the clergy. Charges resulted in his removal from office, and Newfoundland was put under the rule of the chief naval officer on the station. This naval control lasted until 1825. The Treaty of Utrecht removed the French from the soil but gave them fishing-rights on the south shore. The loss was the beginning of the decline of French power in North America. The Abbe Reynal has justly observed: "The Treaty of Utrecht snatched from the feeble hands of Louis, the portals of Canada, Acadie and Newfoundland. From this treaty dates the decline of monarchy and the coming of revolution."

One more war was to follow before France's footing could be reduced to two tiny islands. A French fleet took St. John's on June 27, 1762, during the seven years of French and Indian war, but it was speedily retaken by General Sir William Amherst and part of the royal American regiment, curiously enough a body of Pennsylvania Dutch that did

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valiant service throughout the conflict and had a deciding hand on the Plains of Abraham. The Lillies came down on September 20, 1762, after thirty royal Americans had laid down their lives in the assault.

By the Treaty of Paris that followed, France lost all her possessions except the little islets of St. Pierre and Miquelon, eleven miles off shore from Placentia. She saved also the right to land on the so-called French shore to erect drying-stages for fish in the summer season.

This treaty became inoperative during the wars of England with the French republic and with Napoleon. The republic made one attack, in 1796. After the exile of the emperor, old conditions were revived and lasted until 1857, when, after a hot dispute, in which Newfoundlanders rejected the settlement arranged by the ministry of Great Britain, and, rallying twenty thousand strong in St. John's, hoisted the Stars and Stripes, the ministry receded. Later the French gave up their shore-rights, which had come to cover the lobster-canneries that made much trouble and finally, after long negotiating retired entirely to St. Pierre and Miquelon. These alone remain of the country's

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once vast American empire, headquarters for the fishermen from Brittany and a center for smuggling and bootlegging, twin industries that keep the islands prosperous between seasons.

To the ordinary dangers of the sea, the fishermen had added to their troubles, for more than a century, peril from pirates. From 1620 to 1720 these gentry made free with the smacks, looting at will, until men-of-war had to police the fishing-grounds. The piratical period began during the reign of the first King James and continued until the era of the first George. Whitbourne tenderly terms them "erring captains" and has left this account of their operations:

The pirate Eason brought 4 ships from Ile of May with captains and soldiers which he increased to 9 ships, all which he carried away with him besides 100 pieces of ordnance with all manner of victualles and munition to the value of ten thousand four hundred pounds of the goods of the English, besides 500 fishermen of His Majesty's subjects taken from their honest trade of fishing (many being volunteers) but the most enforced to serve them in their courses of piracy. The hurt done by said pirates to subjects of French king by robbing and spoiling 25 ships fishing about coasts of Newfoundland amounts to

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£6,000. Damage done to all nations by the great Eason and his complices in and about Newfoundland—£20,400.

Anno 1614.—Captain Mancringe with divers other captains arrived in Newfoundland the 4th June having 8 sails of warlike ships one whereof they took at the bank another upon the marne of Newfoundland, from all the harbours whereof they commanded carpenters maryners victuals munitions and all necessities from fishing fleet after this rate—of every six maryners they take one, and the one first part of all their victuals; from the Portugal ships they took all their wine and other provisions save their bread; from a French ship in Harbour de Grace they took 10,000 fish; some of the company of many ships did run away unto them. They took a French ship fishing in Carbonier &c and so after they had continued three months and an half in the country taking their pleasure of the fishing fleet, the 14th Sep. 1614 they departed having with them from the fishing fleet about 400 mariners and fishermen, many volunteers, many compelled.

It has escaped mention that Sir Walter Raleigh might have lost his head for other reasons than failing to find the Seven Cities of Cibola. Whitbourne recites further:

Anno 1618.—Part of the fleet of Sir Walter Raleigh in their return from Orenoque consisting of two ships and

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a cartell wherein was chief commander one Capt. Wollaston with divers other captains who took from four French ships their lading of dry fish which they carried away and sold at Ligerne in Italy to value of £3,000. More three ships they took and carried with them which they sold at Ligerne to value of £2,400. One French ship they left in Newfoundland which was immediately sent home by the Governor of plantation, yet loss of her fishing voyage was £300. On first coming pillaged French fishers 500 pounds. Their taxing of fishermen to all the harbours of Newfoundland for powder shot &c. amounted to £2,000, besides one hundred and thirty men they took away.

New England had much to do with Newfoundland in far-off colonial days. John Mason, who, with Sir Ferdinand Gorges, had a share in the founding of New Hampshire, was King James's governor of Newfoundland for six years. Gorges had been made one of the English commissioners to regulate the fisheries; this brought the two together for their further activities. Mason became distinguished enough to earn a grave in Westminster Abbey after his death in 1635. Among his duties was the protection of the island and its waters from the pirates. He had issued to him a com-

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mission empowering the securing of ships, guns, and men for "the purpose of taking such pirates and sea rovers and their ships," and to bring them into any English ports, and "to carefully keep any pirates in prison as may be brought to them, until their trial to answer to justice and suffer the pains of the law for their piracies or be acquitted thereof."

Under this warrant Mason went afar from Newfoundland, capturing a Saltee rover called the *Heart's Desire*, off Crookhaven, Ireland. The corsair was of one hundred tons burden, and according to Mason "she was continuallie employed in pyracies these 3 or 4 yeares, and therefore Mr. Wyen needs not make any scruple to proceed legally to a condemnation." It is to be hoped nothing interrupted the course of justice with the Moors, as often happened in cases of British rascals. One Nutt had such power at court that he actually got out of prison and landed his captor, Sir John Eliot, vice-admiral of Devon, there in his stead.

The Barbary corsairs did great damage among those vessels which ventured to Newfoundland, lying in wait for their return, and the colony

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suffered grievously. Charles I was king and gave no aid, nor did more than add to their other troubles. Sir William Vaughn advised the king in 1626 that "many ships from Newfoundland are taken by Moorish pirates," with the result that there were "more confusions amongst fishermen of Newfoundland than any other, for want of being sufficiently guarded." He estimated that, in the three years following the death of his gracious Majesty's father, who had not neglected the interests of the island, pirates had "pillaged" the fishermen to "the extent of £40,000 besides 100 pieces of ordnance and had taken away 1500 mariners" to be slaves in Barbary "to the hurt of Newfoundland and the Planters."

It was left for Oliver Cromwell and Robert Blake to teach the corsairs their lesson.

Of modern history there is not much to write. Newfoundland was first under the colors when the World War called the sons of England to her banners. A naval brigade of eighteen hundred men was formed at once and saw stout service, including work in the shambles of Gallipoli. Many others followed. The seasoned seamen of the Great Island were in demand wherever boats were in use,

and they ably responded. They made a proud record, though they had had no experience in strife except with the elements.

The Great Island is the tenth in size among the regions of the earth surrounded by water. To speak correctly, it is a little smaller than the State of New York, embracing about 42,742 square miles, so indented with bays and harbors as to give it a coast-line of more than four thousand miles.

CHAPTER II

GETTING THERE

BY nature I am a hyperborean and a lover of ice and snow. When others seek the tropics with the coming of the winter solstice, my desires turn to the dry cold regions of Maine and Canada, and I am most refreshed when the north wind blows. So it was that I chose to start for Newfoundland on December 19, 1925, to the amazement of family and friends, who were all talking Florida. The hardships of winter in a land where it dominates are not great. The communications remain as good on the whole as elsewhere, and there is a heartiness about the season that tingles the blood and makes the senses active. It is not possible to be lethargic in the north. The snow is clean and white, the ice strong, and the scenery sharp to the eye.

I took ship in the vast and smelly region of Greater New York, known as Greenpoint to the



East End, St. Johns

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few who know it at all. The stout steamship *Rosalind* of the Red Cross Line lay at her dock at the foot of Java Street, awaiting the signal to depart at noon. Lusty Italian stevedores, under an eagle-eyed foreman, were storing trunks and belated cargo, while the tall First Officer Taylor bossed it all with gestures. He rarely said a word.

The passengers, save myself and a Holland Dutchman bound for Halifax, were all Newfoundlanders, going home for the holidays, most of them second class. The company included some lively girls training to become nurses in Brooklyn and New York hospitals. They were brisk damsels, with much real color in their cheeks and the capable air of all Newfoundland ladies. Alongside, a great collier from Amsterdam was discharging coke to warm Brooklynites at twenty-three dollars a ton. Yet those of my acquaintance wondered how one could steer for the Arctic! I told the scoffers that my friend Vilhjalmur Stefansson had assured me the warmest and cleanest dwelling in the world was an Eskimo house of snow. It also stirred me a bit to feel that I was going exploring, in the light of popular ignorance, about the oldest English territory in the New World. Americans rave

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over St. Augustine and Santa Fé, both Spanish in origin and infants compared with St. John's.

The *Rosalind* proved to be a well ordered and well behaved vessel, with a fine set of officers, headed by Captain William L. James. She was an oil-burner, speedy and clean. The meals were English, plain and good; the cabins comfortable. The bar was sealed until the vessel was past the entrance to Long Island Sound, through which we plowed toward Halifax, the first port of call. Sound and sea were well behaved. The small company was agreeable, notably Dr. Patrick W. Browne of Washington University, professor of history, and editor of the "Catholic Historical Review." Dr. Browne was a native Newfoundlander, who had seen long service in his island but was now going through the pleasant process of becoming an American citizen. He knew everybody and everything and held out high hopes of our procuring some old Newfoundland port for holiday refreshment. It appears that Newfoundland had long been dry and had but recently turned to the Quebec system. Before that, for centuries, her ships had sailed to Spain with cargoes of cured codfish, to return with loads of sea-salt, on top of which were always a

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few casks from Oporto. There were many cargoes of fish, with a resulting accumulation of port, which rode back on the salt, to its great improvement. So St. John's became well stocked with rich old wine. Did I get any of it? Let the merit of mystery prevail and preserve whatever happened as a delicious secret.

We reached Halifax in a storm of sleet and rain that made the dreary town extra drear. There is a strange somberness about the splendidly situated city which it seems unable to shake off. For more than a century it was a British naval and military station. This kept it aristocratic and prosperous. Then the Dominion came into power and sent away the ships and redcoats. Morals were improved, but economic interests suffered. Halifax is more than a thousand miles from Montreal; Canada begins there to develop energy and can pull none of it eastward. Trade obstinately insists on moving north and south, instead of east and west. The capillary attraction of the United States is too great for the maritime provinces to resist. Accordingly their population is drawn away and their resources neglected. The great explosion in 1918 did lasting damage to Halifax, which the building

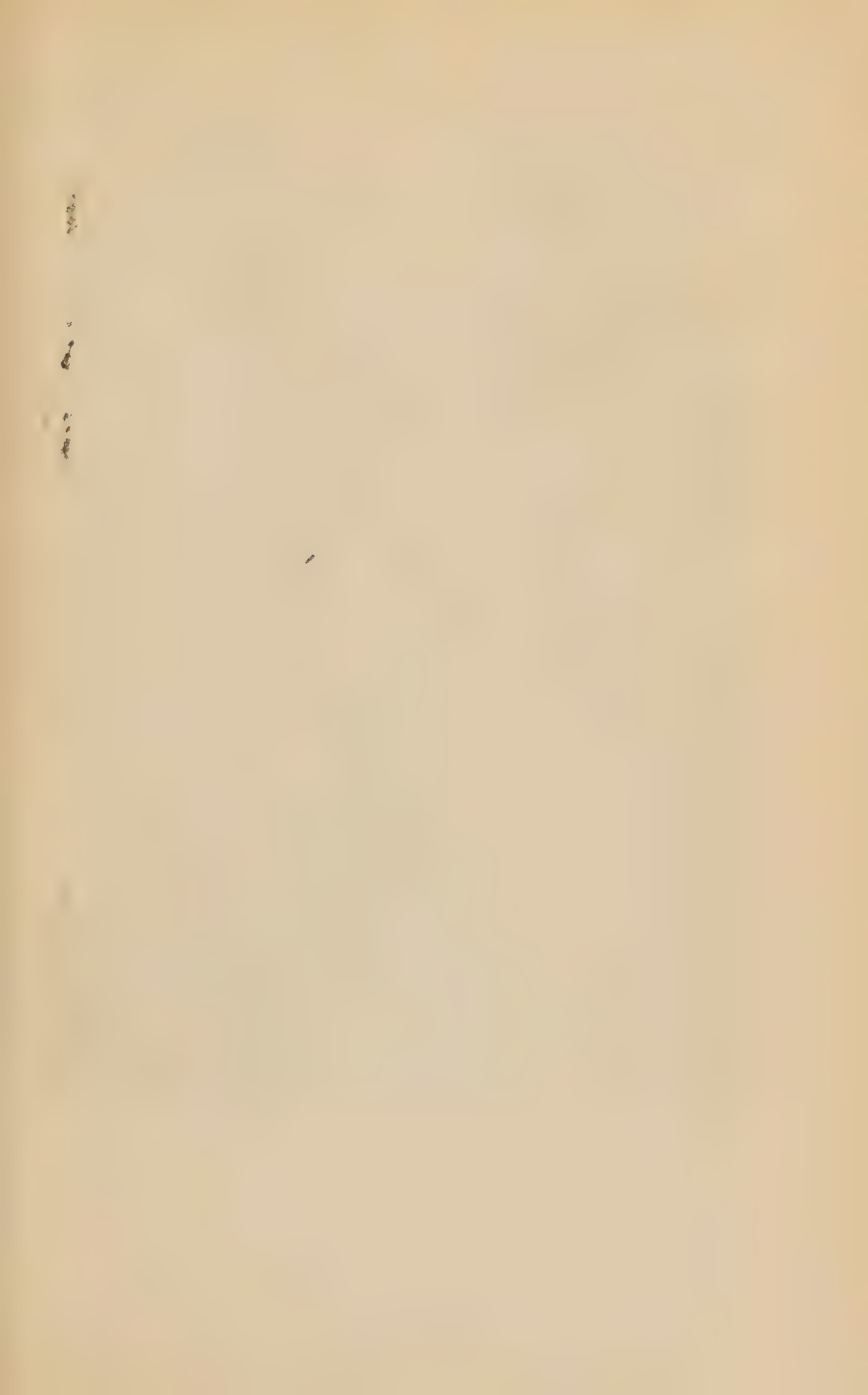
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of an unused grain-elevator by the government, as a sop to local dissatisfaction, has failed to cure.

Somehow the city suggests a forlorn widow. It has a lovely park stretching along an arm of crystal-clear sea-water, and behind it a fine land, beautiful alike in winter or summer, filled with an engaging people who do not have enough to do. For one thing too much time is taken in Nova Scotia waiting for the tide to go in or out, and it is always doing one or the other. The thirty to forty foot lift and drop, varying an hour with every tide, keeps things pendulous, so to speak. The people therefore wait for the tide, which is not one that leads on to fortune.

After thirty hours in Halifax, taking on a great burden of flour that buried her water-line, the *Rosalind* went forth to face an angry sea. The captain, Dr. Browne, and I forgathered in the cabin. "I've been thirty-nine years at sea," said the commander, "and never before did I see the barometer drop so low. I don't know what's coming."

Before daylight he found out. There came from the vast northwest a great gale laden thinly with snow. When morning dawned, the wireless operator at Cape Race radioed that the wind was blow-





Bowring Park, St. John's

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ing ninety-six miles an hour. The waves followed the rule of rising in number of feet to a height of one half the roll of miles reeled by the storm. Yet we took on no seas for all the mountains that rose around us. Now and then a splash of bucketfuls washed the deck, but Captain James stood for fourteen hours beside the wheel, and so steered his ship as to save her from bucking the seas. There were deep dark circles around his eyes as he came down from the bridge to tell us we would soon see land at Cape Spear and that he was going to run close in. "You can wash the cliffs," he said, meaning that they were abrupt and the water so deep alongside that the ship could come sheer up to them. Soon the tip of the Avalon Peninsula came into sight through the light veil of blowing snow. We had reached the Great Island. I do not know why they call the long range of rock Avalon, for that was the home of Arthur's enamoured knights, who would have found no bowers here; no room for Launcelot or Guinevere. Such romance as there be must come from brave encounters with the dangers of the deep, and for flowery delight they who would have it must voyage to the Azores. Offhand one would think Ireland the nearest land

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across the Atlantic, but it is a thousand miles more remote. Yet the Portuguese have kept no foot on Newfoundland, though the Irish and the Scots are there in legion. Only the people of the north seem able to endure the perils of the north—though a black man walked with Peary to the pole. Even he had a Nordic name—Henson!

It is 540 miles from Halifax to St. John's, and the *Rosalind* made it in a bit under fifty hours against the staggering storm. I wonder how we found the harbor, its narrow gate lying so snugly between two great dark cliffs of stone. The cheery captain told of a harbor not so far away, so snug that a great ship just fitted its confines, when, by the eery chances that sometimes operate at sea, she ran into it and shoaled so neatly that she never came out again. I might add that the local wreckers were somewhat annoyed when, after landing hundreds of promising kegs from the wreck, they discovered as a reward for their industry that these were filled with patent bottle-stoppers!

The cliffs at Avalon checked the blast, and the last hours of the voyage inshore were easy. We came in at dusk, to learn that the big Furness liner *Sachem*, which was also due, had been lying to for

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fifteen hours, three hundred miles from port, unable to proceed against the gigantic waves. She was another thirty hours getting in and looked rather tired. The *Rosalind* had a twisted rail.

New York had been free of winter when we came away. Halifax was a sea of slush. At St. John's the snow had just fallen to whiten Christmas eve. It had blown into great drifts on the north side of the streets, and still fell gently, though the wind had gone down. It was not cold but wintry-like and cheery. The customs officers were courteous and speedy. A vehicle, indigenous to Newfoundland, was waiting to take me up the hillside to the hostelry, half-hotel, half-home, called the Cochrane—I hope after the valorous Scottish seaman of that name. This was the side-sleigh, looking from the rear like the ordinary American cutter, but with a seat along the right side, and a narrow extension on which the driver can sit, if he pleases, though usually he prefers to stand close behind the dashboard. Four passengers can squeeze in plus Jehu. The sleight is narrow-gage to accommodate the broken roads. It is handy to get into and easy to fall out of.

A bright coal fire gleamed in the parlor grate

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at the Cochrane, and about it was an air of Christmas cheer. The other guests welcomed the stranger as one of themselves, and a gay Portuguese captain sang ballads that I would not dare translate, to the piano accompaniment of an "American" born in Porto Rico, Don Carlos Morales, which rang merrily through the halls. The captain and Morales were there buying fish. Both were young chaps—twenty-two—and true Latins. This means good fellows, with much knowledge of men—and women. They also knew how to mix drinks and make merry. The American superintendent of the Newfoundland Railway's machine-shops, along with his wife and a smart youngster from the States, who was rebuilding the plant of the Avalon Telephone Company, added warmth to the welcome. So what I had dreaded as a somber Christmas evening in the Arctic became jolly and delightful.

There was time to visit the consulate before dinner. Here Mr. George H. Barringer, the vice-consul, extended the glad hand. So did his charming family a day or so later. The streets were full of people, the shops aglitter through the tender curtain of snowflakes that spread lightly against the

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night. After dinner the residents of the Cochrane pyramided in parties from one suite of rooms to another. Callers dropped in. It was very hearty and homelike. The cocktails were skilfully mixed, with Italian vermouth as a base.

The morning showed a fine flooring of snow on the landscape. The town did not hurry about waking up; it had celebrated gaily the night before. A ship or two crept into the safe harbor. Grouped together were a cluster of sealers, tied up to await their annual March adventure. They were but few survivors of what had once been a fleet of more than thirty strong. Two of them were notable. I recognized the *Thetis*, which I had first seen in New York Harbor, long before, when she brought in the survivors and the dead of General A. W. Greeley's ill fated expedition to the Arctic. After more than a third of a century's service as a revenue cutter in Alaskan waters, she is back at the old trade from which she was taken for the rescue work. Another heroic craft lay near, the *Terra Nova*, on which the gallant Captain Robert Falcon Scott journeyed toward the South Pole, to be anticipated in reaching it by Amundsen, and to leave his life on the way. I once asked his lieu-

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tenant, Ernest H. Shackleton, how deeply they were depressed by failure and disaster. He seemed surprised at the question.

"Why, we did our best, you know," was his reply. Sound philosophy. Why should there be any sense of failure when one has done his best, as these English surely did?

The United States once sent an exploring expedition to the Antarctic continent, under Captain Charles Wilkes. He named a section of it Wilkes Land. I asked Shackleton if he had seen it.

"Sailed over it," was the reply. I fear he mixed his geography. Americans seldom make mistakes in locating real estate.

Fisher cottages, built like dry-goods boxes, line the cliffs along the waterside leading to the city, which reaches to the docks, accessible by alleys between the buildings on Water Street. Here steamers lie and stout vessels that trade still to Portugal and Spain, carrying fish gathered from the outports and bringing back salt—but no wine. Nor is there much trade with the Great Island's best customers, the Italians, Spanish, and Portuguese. England, the United States and Canada get the bulk of it.

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St. John's has been burned twice without improving either its streets or its architecture. For reasons unknown, the infamous style of Mansard, with his retreating roofs, dominates the dwellings. This makes roomy but unattractive dwellings, which are further spoiled by being too close to the sidewalk, as the ocean is sometimes criticized for its nearness to the shore. The slope from the harbor is sharp, and the houses are perched against the grade. They stand near together, although there are more than forty thousand square miles of land available. The human tendency to huddle and raise land values is here much in evidence. The city is not all thus congested. Toward the highlands of Avalon are pretty homes, with trees and gardens, and a pleasant park given by the Bowring family, long the nabobs of Newfoundland.

At the head of the harbor a great dry-dock and the government railway station and yards have their habitat. The dry-dock is built on a large scale, to take in any wanderers who may ram an iceberg or trip up over a fishing-schooner on the Grand Banks. The English and Catholic cathedrals crown respective heights. The English one is to have a tower some day, which may relieve its

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ugliness. The government centers itself in a big court-house in the middle of the town. Here the premier has his office and the judges sit.

A single trolley-line navigates the steep streets with singular skill. These are one-man, pay-as-you-enter affairs, with an amazing gift for hill-climbing. For the rest, side-sleighs furnish winter transport. The drivers are more than expert in keeping the narrow sleighs on an even keel and are on good terms with their sturdy horses which have to tug hard up the steep grades and safely through the drifts of snow, to say nothing of navigating pitch-holes.

I liked the police—tall fellows in long black coats, reaching to the heels, which must be comfortable on a winter's night, and carrying no arms, but now and then sporting a slender cane with a curved handle, a little like a shepherd's crook. Perhaps they use this to pull in the disorderly. On account of the slope of the streets, canes are in common use, especially among the ladies. All are of the curved-handle type, and give an air of smartness to the nimble rosy-cheeked girls, and one of assurance to their elders.

The first note that impresses the stranger in St.



Petries

GETTING THERE

John's, and in all Newfoundland, for that matter, is that of general civility. Everybody says "Sir" when addressing the new-comer, even though he be not a member of the Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George, the decoration with which Great Britain flatters the outposters. The drivers of the side-sleighs, by their politeness and civility, provide a pleasing contrast to the hard-faced ruffians who navigate so many of the taxicabs in New York and other American cities, save St. Louis, where they seem to be under some sort of discipline.

Although it was holiday time I saw no drunkenness, unless two frolicsome youths tumbling about in the snow-drifts on Christmas eve might have been unduly exhilarated. I noticed that the police made but two holiday arrests in a city of forty thousand, including seamen in port, and these were not held before a magistrate. Had that been their ill fortune, attended with conviction, they could have bought no more refreshment at the Liquor Commission's shop, and their names would have adorned the monthly list of labeled inebriates published in the Newfoundland "Gazette" as having forfeited their right to purchase rum. Aside from the social

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degradation thus involved, the consequences cannot be very serious so long as one has friends.

One of the pretentious buildings of St. John's is Dr. W. T. Grenfell's Fishermen's Institute, so little favored by fishermen that it was planned to turn it over to the Young Men's Christian Association, if one could be organized. The Y.M.C.A. has never invaded the Great Island, which would appear to be a fruitful field. The Salvation Army claims some ten thousand for its own. As it was, between times the St. John's Rotary Club, a Yankee institution that has outstepped the Y.M.C.A., uses it as headquarters and gave a cheerful Christmas entertainment and dinner to the gamins of the town. The boys enjoyed themselves and gave the best part of the show. Some of the dancing was exceptional for grace and vigor, and the comic and serious songs were not bad. The glory of the occasion was dimmed somewhat by the absence of the governor, who was in official mourning for the Dowager Queen Alexandra.

New Year's eve, like that of Christmas, was sober on the street. I passed two merry gentlemen holding up a rather shaky building, who sang something unintelligibly but greatly to their own satis-

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faction, with no distress to the public or the police. That was all.

On New Year's day everybody went calling. The governor could not receive because of the mourning, but no one else shut down. Centers of calls were the Catholic archbishop and the lord bishop of the Episcopal Church. They advertised open house in the local papers after this fashion:

AT HOME

— : -0- : —

The Lord Bishop of Newfoundland and Mrs. White, will be "At Home" to receive visitors on New Year's Day, from 3 to 5 P. M.

AT HOME

His Grace the Archbishop of St. John's will be "At Home" at the Palace on New Year's Day from 12 to 1.30 P. M. and from 3 to 5 P. M.

P. J. KENNEDY,

Secretary.

The Palace, St. John's.

I dined out pleasantly in the suburbs with a family made up of Channel Islanders, Newfoundlanders, and Americans. In the evening it was very jolly at the Cochrane.

CHAPTER III

WHERE THE CABLES COME

THE binding of the world together by means of submarine cables had its beginning and greatest development in Newfoundland, lying nearest, as it does, to European shores. The success of the electric telegraph, after its invention by Samuel F. B. Morse, had soon covered the United States, as it then existed, with a network of wires, vastly expanding the facilities for quick communication and for commercial development. Europe, however, remained at the best twelve days distant, the last four of which lay between Newfoundland and New York, the main market for messages. To overcome this the Western Union extended its lines to North Sydney, in Cape Breton, where, in time, a system of boats was established to waylay passing ocean liners and so cut off the time to New York or Boston.

When in 1848, the New York "Herald," "Sun," "Tribune," "Journal of Commerce," "Courier

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and Enquirer," and "Evening Post," founded the Associated Press, one of its early enterprises became the equipment of a fast little steamer which cruised off Cape Breton and brought the news to land for transmission by wire.

As Newfoundland possessed no sort of communication, as early as November 8, 1850, Dr. J. T. Mullock had proposed, in a letter to the St. John's "Courier," that a line of wire be laid across the island to connect by short cable with Cape Breton. At that time the telegraph had reached Halifax. The first person to follow this hint with a practical plan was Frederic Newton Gisborne, an engineer employed in connecting Lower Canada with Nova Scotia by wire. He came to St. John's in 1851 and proposed a cross-island line, with carrier-pigeon connections to the mainland, pending the possibility of a cable to Cape Breton. The Newfoundland Assembly granted him a charter and twenty-five hundred dollars toward a survey. Meanwhile he constructed a short line connecting St. John's and Carbonear. Gisborne then actively took up the task of routing his telegraph across three hundred miles of unexplored country to Cape Ray. The line to Carbonear aroused such interest

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that he was able to incorporate the Newfoundland Electric Telegraph Company in 1852, giving him a thirty-year monopoly. This did not take form until 1853, when Mr. Gisborne, coming to New York interested Horace Tibbets, Darius B. Holbrook, and a group operating with them. Money was raised and the Cape Ray line put under construction. The New York backing proved weak. After a large outlay and the accumulation of much debt, Gisborne's drafts were left unpaid, and he was thrown into bankruptcy. The island was then suffering from business depression, to which the smash added its share, leaving, as it did, many workmen unpaid. Gisborne persisted, however, and hunting for more capital in New York, came into contact with Cyrus W. Field. Mr. Field was then in the prime of life but had retired from business with the results of substantial success. Gisborne found him hard to interest, but, on adding the weight of Morse and Lieutenant Matthew Fontaine Maury to his pressure, Mr. Field became active. Maury was the geographer of the sea, and his knowledge was soon turned to account. Field had in his library a globe, and, contemplating it, he wondered why the magic wire could not operate

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under sea as well as over land. In this Maury concurred. Field thereupon enlisted the support of Peter Cooper, Moses Taylor, Marshall O. Roberts, and Chandler White, the New York magnates of the day; then he came to St. John's with his brother, David Dudley Field, an astute attorney, and acquired a charter as the New York, Newfoundland, and London Telegraph Company. The Assembly was reluctant to grant the charter, especially as it called for the purchase of \$250,000 worth of bonds, but David Dudley Field and Chandler White put it through. Gisborne's wreck was salvaged, and sites selected for cable landings. Then Field went abroad in 1856, to find coöperation and to contract for the manufacture of the cable itself.

There had been some interest in England in a transatlantic cable on the part of the Magnetic Telegraph Company. John Watkins Brett and his brother, Jacob Brett, were factors in this and had conceived the idea of cable transmission soon after Morse perfected his device. Field conferred with these two and with Sir Charles Bright, an eminent engineer, with the result that a company capitalized at £850,000 was formed. England supplied the bulk of the money. Returning in the fall,

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he found the land line completed and supervised the laying of a cable from Cape Ray to Aspey Bay, Cape Breton. The attempt was first made in October, the steamer *James Alger* towing a sailing-vessel, the *Sarah L. Bryant*, from which the wire was paid out. A storm interrupted the effort, and the steamer was compelled to leave the ship to take care of itself. Soon the work was successfully completed and the New World took a long step toward the Old. But it was not successful. The Cape Breton cable broke in December, and the land line had been so poorly strung as to be continually out of order. A million dollars had been spent on it. The superintendent quit in despair; but the unyielding Field, consulting James Eddy and D. H. Craig, head of the Associated Press, found through them a capable man, in the person of A. M. Mackey, the twenty-two-year old superintendent of the lines in Nova Scotia. He took hold of the mess in January, 1857, and soon had the twist and tangles straightened out. The courage of Field and the capacity of Mackey overcame all difficulties, then and thereafter. They were not few. Many people thought Mr. Field crazy and the





Bay of Islands

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London "Times" declared his scheme to be "visionary and utterly impracticable."

The cable was manufactured and ready in July, 1857. The United States lent the steam frigate *Niagara*, and her Majesty's government, the *Agamemnon*, to lay the wire. On August 5, 1857, the *Niagara* made the shore end fast at Valentia, Ireland, and steamed slowly for Newfoundland. At mid-afternoon on August 11, when 380 miles were out, the cable broke, and the enterprise was abandoned. In 1858, the attempt was renewed by the same vessels. This time they met in mid-ocean, spliced their ends, and started shoreward. The cable broke under the strain, was respliced, and broke again. The ships failed to meet, and both returned to Plymouth. On July 17 the effort was again renewed, this time successfully. The *Niagara* landed the American end at Heart's Content, in Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, on August 5, and the *Agamemnon*, by a piece of good timing, tied up at Valentia, Ireland, on the same day. They had between them laid 2134 miles of gutta-percha-coated wire.

The chief electrician, Wildman Whitehouse, con-

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ceived the wrong idea, that a high potential should be used, not knowing that all the cable needed was to be filled with current, the interruption of which did the receiving and dispatching. So for a week nothing came through. Then Sir William Thompson's low current and mirror galvanometers were employed. This change worked. The first message, sent on August 16, was from Queen Victoria to James Buchanan, president of the United States. In it her Majesty expressed the fervent hope that the electric cable would "prove an additional link between the nations whose friendship is founded upon their common interest and reciprocal esteem." Mr. Buchanan replied in kind. On September 1, 1858, a great celebration was held in New York. In the procession picked sailors from the *Niagara* carried a miniature of the ship on their shoulders. It was felt that a new era had opened. Unfortunately, after about four hundred messages had been handled, the cable grew sulky, and on October 20, 1858, it ceased to operate. It had been damaged by the high voltage used by Whitehouse. So the new era ended very abruptly. The capital had been exhausted, and no more was to be had.

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Meanwhile the great Civil War broke out between the States, and there was no momentary desire to extend hands across the sea. With the coming of peace, however, Mr. Field renewed his efforts. In 1865 twelve hundred miles of cable were laid. There was a break, and the ends could not be found. So the enterprise was again delayed. The *Great Eastern*, largest of all ships, was employed for the task—the only useful work she ever performed. Immediate refinancing resulted. The Anglo-American Telegraph Company was organized, with £600,000 capital. It took over the old rights and fragments of cable and went at it again. On July 27, 1866, the *Great Eastern* steamed into Trinity Bay, and the cable was soon connected from Ireland to Newfoundland. The lost cable was later picked up and two lines put in operation. Eight words a minute were transmitted, and the rate was five dollars a word. The land line was rebuilt by Mackey at a cost of \$90,000, or less than one tenth of the amount squandered on its first construction. It poorly withstood the winter winds, and in the summer of 1867 a cable was laid from Great Placentia to

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North Sydney, which hooked up with St. Pierre and Miquelon, where the direct French cable lines connect.

Now thirteen cables make the land on the Great Island—four at Heart's Content, five at Bay Roberts, and four at St. John's. The success of the Newfoundland enterprise defeated an elaborate plan on the part of the Western Union Telegraph Company to reach Europe by a nearly all-land route via Alaska, thence across Bering Strait to Siberia, and so on to the centers of the Old World. The effort was well under way and much material had been delivered in Alaska when Mr. Field's program succeeded. Later in life Mr. Field, after a considerable period of prosperity, lost his fortune. He was also much derided for erecting a monument at Tappan, New York, marking the spot where Major John André was hanged as a spy for his share in the treason of Benedict Arnold. The stone was blown up and replaced several times.

Although lying on the greatest highway of news, Newfoundland gets little of it. No one was wise enough, when the cable and land line franchises were granted, to see that the island newspapers should be cared for. There are three dailies, all

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published in St. John's: the "Mornings News," edited and controlled by Dr. J. Alex. Robinson; the "Telegram," owned by the Herter family and edited by Mr. E. V. Jaffray; and the "Globe," conducted by Dr. H. M. Mosdell, supported by a group of Progressives. From force of habit all are printed on pink paper. Their editorial columns are able, but their news is weak. A few scanty cable messages of small importance and casual items from Canadian sources constitute the meager supply. Almost nothing comes from the United States, with which the island does a great trade and could do much more if it were enterprising. No American exchanges were visible in the offices. The subeditors of the "News" confessed that they once subscribed for a copy of the Saturday issue of the New York "Times," but it took so long to read that the subscription was discontinued!

The local news is composed mainly of kindly mentions of good citizens, but in political matters the esteemed journals write with the freedom possible only in a land of peaceful inhabitants. It would be difficult to find a country elsewhere in the world that harbors so many miscreants, if the able

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editors are to be believed. In a cool climate invective does not seem to stimulate physical retaliation. I could count no scars on any of the handsome editorial visages I encountered. Indeed all the gentlemen were most amiable and accomplished, even though vitriol spills from their pens in moments of campaign excitement.

There are but few weeklies. The "Newfoundland Gazette," published at St. John's, is the official paper, a little sheet of four pages, in which appear the legal and government notices, together with lists of persons who have been convicted of intoxication and are therefore debarred from buying a quart of rum a day from the Liquor Commission's store. For filling, the editor provides a résumé of scientific and other discoveries, very well told. It gives the reader a rather unusual combination of intelligence. Founded in 1806 by James Mahoney, who came from New York to do it, the paper for something like one hundred and twenty years was the "Royal Gazette." A political shift involving a loss of patronage caused it to change its name to "Newfoundland Gazette," thereby outwitting the schemers who thought to seize the franchise. Thus it goes on unchanged,

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and deliciously formal. Perhaps they had such an official journal in Lilliput.

A "Western Star" twinkles brightly and weekly at Curling, on the west coast. Harbor Grace supports a weekly "Standard"; Twillingate, the "Sun"; Bay Roberts, the "Guardian." The Bell Islanders have a weekly "Bell Island Miner." At Port Union, Sir William Coaker, a former premier, publishes the "Fisherman's Advocate." It boils with vigor, though its vocabulary seems to be derived from the celebrated fish-market of London—Billingsgate. Besides its dailies, St. John's has a weekly "Free Press," the "Trade Review," "Public Opinion," the "People" and the "Royalist," monthlies, and the "Newfoundland Quarterly." The "Newfoundland Weekly," the brightest of all the publications that have to do with the country, is published in Boston. It is packed full with things of interest to the great colony of islanders in that vicinage.

As the landing-place for the cables, Newfoundland became also the earliest point of contact for the transmission of wireless messages across the ocean. Marconi's first signals came from Poldhu, in Cornwall, to St. John's, on December 13, 1901.

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Skeptical scientists refused to believe the wonder which promised to undo submarine transmission of messages. The inventor was soon able to demonstrate the success of his idea, and now the radio penetrates every corner of the world, and gives the ear no rest. In September, 1920, Marconi first reached a ship at sea by wireless telephony—the *Victorian*, two hundred miles out. In spite of the impression that wireless would replace the cables, it has not affected their volume of traffic, and a fourteenth line was laid to Bay Roberts in the summer of 1926.

The Great Island was also the scene of the first “hop-off” across the sea by airplane, when Commander Mackenzie Grieve and M. H. G. Hawker left St. John’s for England on May 18, 1919. They failed to make a landing, and were picked up at sea, fourteen and a half hours after taking flight, by the Danish steamer *Mary*.

On June 14, 1919, Captain John Alcock, D.S.O., and Lieutenant A. Whitten Brown left St. John’s in the evening, flying through a fog, and landed at Clifden, in Ireland, after being on the way fifteen hours and fifty-seven minutes, traveling 1880 miles. The record remains unmatched. Both gal-



Placentia

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lant gentlemen were knighted by the king. Alcock and Hawker lost their lives later in aërial accidents.

The cable operators develop into a race by themselves and become accustomed to life on the edges of the earth, ranging from the shores of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia to the Azores and far-off Guam. It is a confining life, relieved by long holidays after the English fashion. They are tied to the cable-ends the rest of the time, but they never become a part of their surroundings. They have the compensation, however, of knowing all that is going on. Many are native Newfoundlanders. Heart's Content is an attractive town of 1200 people, of whom the cable employees are the nucleus. Its buildings are of the best and the servants of the spark live in great comfort.

CHAPTER IV

NATURAL RESOURCES

NEWFOUNDLAND is one of the world's greatest sources of iron supply. It is estimated that the deposits on Bell Island, and under Conception Bay, in which it stands, amount to 3,500,000,000 tons. Here great mines are operated by the British Empire Steel Corporation, better known as Besco, with 1,500,000,000 tons lying fallow under concessions owned by the Reid Newfoundland Corporation.

Next to the Bay of Naples, with Capri and Ischia guarding its entrance and Vesuvius keeping watch over it all, I think Conception Bay is one of the most beautiful bodies of water in the world. Great cliffs ward its meeting with the sea, and well out in the waters Bell Island rises sharply, as if new cut from the slate which forms its shell. Within, the contents are iron, in beds whose veins spread out far beneath the sea, and breed a speculative thought in the mind. What riches lie under the two thirds of the earth's surface that is wrapped in

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water? And how can the ingenuity of man secure the store? That is the problem for the future, when we have sacked the surface of the kindly earth.

Mighty submarine mines will no doubt be created, just as the coal-shafts lie below the sea in Wales, and in Glace Bay, Cape Breton. The iron now being quarried at Bell Island is underneath the deep. Once it lay heavily on the surface, and the fishermen used the chunks for fish-trap anchors, because they were weightier than stone, so that smaller blocks could be used. This ore was long ago removed, and the mining is now all under the sea.

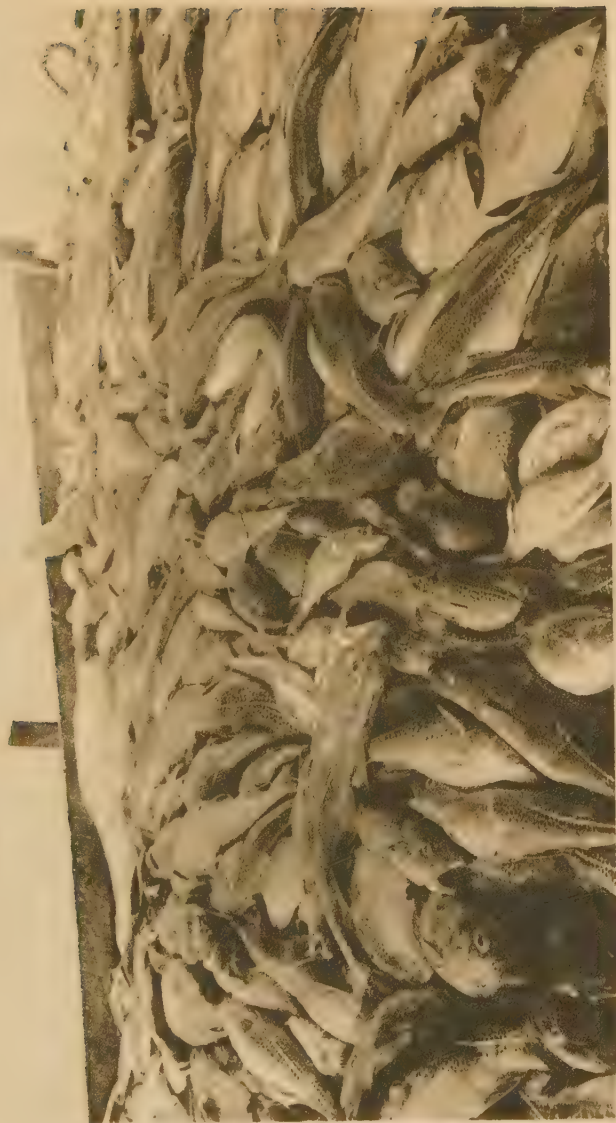
One reaches the island in winter by a nine-mile ride in a side-sleigh to Portugal Cove—a most beautiful drive. The snow is so clear and white as to seem sanctified, and wide stretches of frozen lake give vistas along the way. Everywhere the dark spruce was in seeding, and the slender trees were topped with clusters of shapely brown cones. Vigorous brooks were still unfrozen in the valleys and roared in crystal torrents as they fought their way to the bay. But on the mountain-sides, the waterfalls that revel in summer had turned to cascades of emerald fixed in silver settings, with backgrounds

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of brown and gray. The frost had caught the tumbling waters just as they fell, with every ripple and roll—everything except the spray. This, gathered at the foot, formed a great glassy base on which the huge crystal seemed to stand.

Portugal Cove itself is not a metropolis. It is packed into a narrow space between the hills that crowd upon the bay. Little box-like houses, with the flattest of roofs, cluster together, low and squat, behind a fringe of fish-flakes, with a long dock reaching out toward Bell Island. The thermometer was around zero, and the ferry-steamer was not in port. I stamped my feet warm on the dock and began to wonder what would happen to nose and ears when a kind voice said: “Sir, will you not step into my house where it is warm? You will be very cold here, and the boat has twenty minutes yet to come.” It was William Hibbs who spoke.

So I gladly stepped into the house where Mrs. Hibbs was ironing—on the floor. She was a sweet-faced woman, born, she said, in Toronto, where a sister lived. Yes, she liked Toronto and would like to be there, but “her man” could not be content away from Portugal Cove! Her children? Well, her son was a bookkeeper in the office of the tele-



Newfoundland Currency

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phone company at St. John's. A daughter was a school-teacher in the city; another had been away briefly to prepare for teaching, but had come back—homesick for Portugal Cove!

Soon the boat came in. I left the pleasant home and boarded the narrow sharp-nosed little craft that serves as ferry between the island and the mainland. She was a pretty boat—once, but now much frayed. Fishermen and miners were fellow-passengers. One robust chap was full of holiday cheer and very entertaining. They called him Paddy. I wish I could remember a sea-venture he once had on a voyage from Charleston, South Carolina, to St. John's, all the way close to the grave, but with a resolute skipper who would make for no port but home.

The long dock at Bell Island is connected with the table-land on top of the island by a cable railway that hauls cars up and down a three-hundred-foot incline. Near-by on the beach was a fishing settlement of small huts and few inhabitants. The far-off hoisting-engine yanked us to the top with little ceremony. There were no side-sleighs in evidence; the cross-country tram was not running, so I walked to the mines.

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The road led by a gentle slope to the mining town, a scatter of plain dwellings with a church or two. There is a Catholic school of considerable size, with quarters for priests and staff. The Bank of Montreal was housed in a small wooden box. Beyond the buildings of the village lay the works and the offices of the great British Empire Steel Company that operates the mines. They were shut down between holidays, and the twenty-five hundred employees were laid off. Hoists and pumps were under repair, so that I could not go down into the shafts below tide-water. Mr. Charles Archibald, the local manager, took me about in a Ford car that was contemptuous of roads and obstacles. Cyclopean winches, great generators, and crushing-machines that separate the slate from ore give one the thought that this must be a branch of Jotünheim—a home of giants. The sifted ore is carried across the island and tossed in cascades into waiting ships that carry it by sea to North Sydney, Cape Breton, where the steel-works founded by the late Henry M. Whitney of Boston, brother of William C. Whitney of New York, convert it into rails, bars, and sheets. Before the war, much went to Germany. This trade was now stagnant. We

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lunched at the staff-house—all English and Canadian exiles have to have a club—with salt codfish as the *pièce de résistance* of the meal.

I mentioned a St. John's acquaintance, but the name did not seem to arouse favorable recollections. On my return to the city I alluded to the fact.

“Charley is sore,” said the gentleman. “Our baseball team beat his last year, and he was so mad he sent the ferry away on its last trip without us. We had to pay a couple of fishermen four dollars for their boat and row it four miles ourselves while they sat on a front seat and found fault with the stroke. It wasn't what I call clubby.”

Evidently not! He was pleasant to me, however.

The outward vista from the island is magnificent. The bay is wide and fair, and around the shores are pretty places, made much of in summer by the well-to-do of St. John's. Scenically it will compare with the best the wide world has to offer. The railroad skirts it for a distance, and the towns are easily accessible. Fine beaches are covered with stones, rubbed together by the sea until they are egg-shaped and smooth. These are of many colors

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and make a mosaic pleasing to the eye. The tones are soft. Like Japan, Newfoundland gives no hint of roughness; the sky tints are subdued, the hills gentle in contour. The crags and cliffs are not menacing. They seem to sleep in endless dignity, and to care nothing for the presence of man. Why should they? Man makes no more impression upon them than Thor did upon Skrymer when he struck him with his hammer, and the giant murmured in his sleep, "Did a leaf fall?"

Besides the deposits in the Bell Island region, outcroppings of iron have been discovered in the Bay Verde Peninsula and the west side of Placentia Bay, but their extent and value remain to be uncovered. Other bodies of iron are found in undetermined quantities eight miles east of St. George's Bay, on the west coast; at Portland Creek, on what is known as Reid Lot 209; and at Tilt Cove, where an abundant store of magnetite has been unearthed. It has been profitably mined. The ore-bed here is from four to twenty-five feet thick. The Portland Creek deposit is underlined with limestone, a necessary concomitant for successful smelting. The biggest bed of limestone is at

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Aguathuna, in Port au Port Bay. The Besco concern draws heavily upon this for its smelters. The paper-mills, which use the material extensively in making sulphite pulp, draw their supplies from the Humber River region.

Native copper outcrops on Oderin Island in Placentia Bay, and in narrow quartz veins on the Avalon Peninsula. These have been mined from time to time and remain a reserve for future development. Placentia also abounds in galena, a mixture of lead and silver. One property makes a good showing, and there is room for fair-sized and profitable operation. Incidentally, it may be stated that there has been a steady rise in the price of lead, that soft, humble, and useful metal; the paint-makers are feeling the shortage and are seeking substitutes and further sources of supply. It also crops out around St. George and Port au Port Bay. Along Notre Dame Bay, penetrating into the central part of the island, copper occurs in chalcopyrite form immersed in basalt altered to chlorite schist. This has been extensively mined, with profitable results. It awaits further development and handling on a large scale. Galena is visible near

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Indian Lake. In the opinion of experts the ore will yield paying quantities under the flotation method of extraction.

Copper appears to be widely scattered. Besides the points named, it is visible in the Bay of Islands, Bonne Bay, and the Hare Bay areas, nearly all in chlorite schists. The largest tonnages have come from Tilt Bay, Little Cove, and Betts Cove. On Robert's Arm some very rich ore has been mined. Notre Dame Bay shows the largest suggestion of deposits. Only partly prospected, the region is considered one of great possibilities.

The Bay of Islands deposits are in lodes, which are found to persist over about sixty square miles, which would indicate one of the largest copper areas known.

Placentia also possesses deposits of barite, found in Avalonian sandstone, where it is packed in the fissures of the formation. Some thousands of tons have been shipped and found satisfactory by their users.

Manganese, talc, diatomaceous earth, limestone, brick-clay, and kaolin are other useful substances found in Newfoundland, beside building and ornamental stone, such as granite, trap-rock, lime, and

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sandstone. The last named are quarried to some extent and offer further opportunities for industry.

Slate deposits of considerable commercial value are found on Trinity and Placentia Bays. These have been worked to advantage, turning out roofing of the best qualities in blue, green, and red. The material is much used and is pronounced by experts to be of the best grade. It also abounds in Bay of Islands and Bonne Bay.

Coal, that great desideratum, crops out in two areas inland from Bay St. George—two economic veins showing in an area of two thirds of a square mile. Eleven square miles of secondary seams have also been located. Some coal indications are visible in the Grand Lake and Codroy Valley regions. The St. George's deposits are across the strait from the great mines at North Sydney and Glace Bay on Cape Breton, which run in some instances far under the sea, and may reach across the eighty-mile channel. There has been no development in Newfoundland.

Important deposits of gypsum are found in the same region as the larger coal outcrops in strata of from one hundred to five hundred feet in thickness. This is of great value in a growing age of

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cement. The material is very pure, easy of access, and considerable in quantity.

Awaiting the day when the pumps will suck dry in the oil-wells, the Grand and Deer Lake regions above the Humber Arm on the west coast contain great beds of oil shale—covering some 250 square miles. Layers ten feet thick are found. Experimental extraction has produced sixteen gallons of oil to the ton. Shale is the insurance for the future in motor-fuel, and Newfoundland possesses a good store. Some oil-wells have been sunk that give from one to four barrels per day—the product of seepage.

Pyrites are found in great supply along Notre Dame Bay. These have been extensively mined and now await demand, as do great stores of molybdenite and chrome. Gold has been found in traces. That it may be discovered in quantity is not impossible. The Great Island is yet to be explored and prospected. It may reveal much more mineral wealth than is above indicated.

The timber growth in Newfoundland, when ground is cleanly cut over, seems to renew itself rapidly. Mr. A. E. Harris of Grand Falls, is certain, after fifteen years' experience, that it is

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wisest to clear off the old growth completely. Small trees left standing are apt to blow over. When the growth starts evenly it sustains itself to maturity against outside forces. In the matter of water power, also, there is no uncertainty. The Exploits, Humber and Gander rivers, the main resources, have a steady reliable flow. The government estimate of standing timber is 14,000 square miles, with an average of four cords of good pulpwood to the acre.

The chief forest areas are found in the two-hundred-mile valley of the Exploits River, covering what are termed the Bishop's Falls, Norris Arm, and Botwood tracts; the Bonavista Bay hinterland; the great Gander River properties of the Reid Newfoundland Company; the Gambo and Terra Nova lake region on the east coast. The background of Fortune Bay on the south coast is full of timber and possesses water-power possibilities of reasonable size. On the west coast, the Humber River Valley, Deer Lake, Grand Lake, Hawk Bay, and St. George's are regions heavily timbered. Red Indian Lake, the chief source of the Exploits River, is thirty-seven miles long, with a large watershed, densely covered with trees. It is fifty miles

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from Grand Falls, where thirty thousand horse-power is now electrically developed. There is probably 1,200,000 horse-power available on the island awaiting the call of its master.

The Norris Arm area has furnished much commercial lumber for the North and South American markets. The Gander Lake water-shed covers 1700 square miles and remains the largest unused power and paper proposition on the island—probably capable of developing, with skilled engineering, seventy thousand horse-power. The Great Island government experts estimate its resources in standing timber to have a potential value of \$630,000,000, capable of being so cut as to remain a perpetual asset.

The Gander River region, now awaiting development, is crossed by the transcontinental line of the Newfoundland Government Railway. Considerable farming is done in its vicinage, which gives advantages in the way of food supplies when the utilization of its wood and power resources begins.

Beside spruce and fir it is estimated that the Exploits and Gander valley forests include a pine-belt of about two thousand square miles. This is high-grade wood and constitutes a considerable store of

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wealth, providing, as it does, workable lumber for building and other purposes. So far as exporting pulp-wood for use in other countries in its manufactured form, the government has settled upon a policy of prohibition, feeling that Newfoundland's greatest resource should be reserved for home industries that will give employment and induce the building up of prosperous communities. To an extent this is sound if it can be carried out quickly, but with the large areas of timber at command that have ceased to grow, and are, indeed, retrograding, a middle policy might be wise—to cut, export, and replant. The greater part of the area is unfit for any other purpose than that of raising timber, and a failure to “crop” it is an economic mistake. When a tree ceases to grow it begins to deteriorate. The land is without special value; it carries no taxes, and much of it is government domain. Aply administered, it would relieve the burden of taxation, supply funds for improvements, increase employment, and develop reciprocal trade.

The government has not been fortunate so far in its timber-cutting enterprises. As an after-war measure it cut large quantities of trees for pit-props, expecting them to be used in English mines.

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The depressions and troubles in the coal regions of Britain caused the demand to drop; while the energetic wood-cutters, even under government auspices, cut enormously, beyond any reasonable demand, with the result that thousands of cords are reported to be rotting in the woods, while the wages paid for the needless work have been added to the country's indebtedness. A stumpage arrangement with contractors for pulp-wood could have obviated all this. The government can authorize exports of logs for paper-making purposes, and some thirty thousand cords have gone to Norfolk for the West Virginia Pulp and Paper Company, which would be glad to buy more.

CHAPTER V

FISH AND GAME

NEWFOUNDLAND is one of the world's last treasure-houses, with much of its wealth untouched or only nibbled. Primarily the fisheries are Newfoundland's greatest asset—greatest because they are surely reproductive. The waters that surround the island have been fished ever since John Cabot returned to Bristol in 1497 and reported the vast store of cod. This succulent fish, the most numerous of the inhabitants of the sea and the largest source of return to fishermen, is still abundant, and shares with the herring alone the fecundity that balks the destructive powers of man when measured against nature. For more than four centuries the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, and the offshore fishing, together with that of Labrador, have been the chief source of fish supply for the world. Great fleets came from Europe, and still come, to share the spoil. Portugal, Spain, and France vied with England in the competition, though France alone now sends fishermen in large

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numbers. Spain was choked off in the days of the Armada, and, with Portugal, is now content to buy the cured product, which she does in majestic quantities. Salt Cod seems to satisfy more than any other form of preserved fish. Though having no special flavor it is cheap and filling.

Let it be whispered that even in the days of the Armada Bristol men came from Britain, caught and cured cargoes, and sneaked them into Spain, returning home to report a failure of the catch! They salved their consciences by feeling that, thanks to their enterprise, no Spaniard offended against the canons of the Catholic Church by eating meat on Fridays or during Lent. In addition, they were well paid; it is one of the best cures for a troubled mind. Thus "bacalao" has become identified with Newfoundland and is its chief resource. It employs around 107,000 men and boys. The annual catch is worth about \$10,000,000 (\$10,445,-617 in 1924-25), outside of what the French take from their point of vantage on St. Pierre and Miquelon, where in season a large share of French fishing activity is manifest and where a handful of people live odd lives, cut off from the world in which they play an important part.

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Considerable fleets of stout French fishermen come annually from St. Malo and thereabouts to catch the blear-eyed cod. The French government subsidizes the industry on the theory that the fishery provides a training-ground for seamen who may serve the country's navy in time of need. Anyway, it fills many stockings among the thrifty denizens of Normandy and Brittany.

The fishery is active from May to October. Fish are split and dried on racks under the summer sun and heavily salted. They depart oversea in casks and bales to ward off the effects of meat-eating on the soul in Spain, Portugal, Italy, and Brazil—the chief markets—though the West Indies are good customers, Porto Rico being one of the best. Greece also buys heavily, but the chief market is Spain, which took \$2,681,509 worth in 1925. Holland is a heavy buyer also. That country took \$1,329,537 worth of fish in 1925; Italy, \$1,647,537; Portugal, \$1,893,874. The islanders do not drink coffee, and so, in selling Brazil \$1,418,589 worth of fish, they gave back but a beggerly \$265, while Ceylon, which bought nothing, sold Newfoundland \$312,947 worth of the cup that cheers, but does not inebriate in the groggy sense.

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The cod-fishery could be richer and far more productive if the fishermen would take lessons from the Norwegians and improve their methods of curing. Much inferior stock is sent out and so keeps the price unsteady. Good fish ought to average \$8 to \$9.50 per quintal (112 pounds) ; but often much of the catch, by reason of poor grading, brings only around \$4 or \$5—a great and needless loss in value. The fish are split, deprived of heads, tongues, livers and bladders, all of which have value, before being salted and dried. By careful work in cleaning and selecting, the return on the crop, as it may be called, would almost double. By-products of fish-meal and fertilizer could be made to add to the profits.

The island, by sticking so close to the cod and making bad use even of it, puts itself in the position of depending on one crop, so that it is at the mercy of the market all too often. Habits of four centuries are not easily changed, however, though in time they must be. Once this is done, it will be hard to limit the prosperity of the fisher-folks.

The cod is independent in his habits, and few fishermen are equipped for work on the Great Banks, where the Gloucestermen most operate, along with



Smoky Falls, Grey River

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the Nova Scotia fleet. Newfoundlanders use a trap-net anchored close to shore and have to await the coming of their prey. This varies over a period from early May into late June. Presumably the cod are governed by the extent of the food supply they find there. It consists in the main of young fish of other tribes, and of the swarming squid or devil-fish, on which the whales also live. Normally the cod lie in deep water, twenty-five to fifty-five fathoms down. When the schools come inshore they sometimes catch the fisher-folks napping, with traps unset and opportunity lost. Again, they may not come in at all. It is the gamble, perhaps, that makes the industry interesting and causes so many men to persist at it when they could do much better at other things.

The sealing industry once employed thirty or forty vessels; now it is down to twelve. The kill rose sometimes to 500,000 seals a year. Record returns are as high as \$112,000 for a single ship in less than a month's emprise. The sealers have to make a fair start under government regulation, not earlier than eight o'clock on the morning of March 5 each spring. This enables them to meet the herd as the ice begins to move out

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of the north. It is exciting business while it continues.

The fleet that sought out the seal in 1926, included the *Seal*, *Senef*, *Eagle*, *Beothic*, *Sagona*, *F. P. Union*, *Neptune*, *Thetis*, *Terra Nova*, *Eagle* (No. 2), *Ranger* and *Viking*. Their total catch was 211,531 seals, of which 189,098 were young "harps." The net value of the catch was \$395,510.79, an increase of \$126,043.41 over that of 1925. The start for the grounds was made on the 5th of March and the last steamer came into port on the 4th of May. One ship, the *Seal*, met with disaster, an explosion in the engine room killing the chief engineer and an oiler. The crew took to the ice and the *Seal* soon after sank. The men were rescued. The *Beothic* brought in the largest catch, 48,421.

The thick skins were formerly wasted, but it has been discovered that they can be split and tanned into a fine waterproof kid leather, a new asset for Newfoundland. Oil was formerly the only product. This is sweet and clear when refined, and there are those who say it sometimes comes back from abroad credited to the olive-branches of Lucca.

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The fur of the seal is used locally for caps, boots, coats, and slippers. It could be more widely employed. St. John's policemen, in winter, wear tall black caps of the skin of the hair-seal. An overcoat made of the hides of pup seals is rather pretty and impervious to wind and cold. The Catholic bishop of St. George's wears one that is more than magnificent.

The seals have a schedule of a sort. The young are born around the last of February on thin ice in the vicinage of the Straits of Belle Isle, from thirty to forty miles seaward from Battle Harbor, Labrador. Where they are to be found depends on the will of the wind. If easterly, it bears the herds toward White Bay, though sometimes they are spread apart by Belle Isle. In mid-March they are found mainly twenty to fifty miles easterly by north from Funk Island. But a strong west wind may send them one or two hundred miles to the southeast of Cape Bonavista. This wandering adds the zest of uncertainty to the pursuit.

In April the pup seals are left by their mothers to take care of themselves, and they follow their parents by leisurely process up into Baffin's Bay; all, that is, that escape the sealers. This is some-

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thing like a thousand-mile trip. After a summer in Greenland waters, they work back by December to the St. Pierre bank, and find their food for the season along the shoals of the Grand Banks of Newfoundland.

Lobsters were once plentiful along the French shore (the south coast), but canning-factories have thinned them out; they are high-priced and go mainly to Boston. Halibut can be caught in large quantities, but the fishing is confined to offshore cod. On the west coast, centered at Curling, are valuable herring-fisheries. These could be operated virtually all the year round, in healthy contrast to the four months of cod-fishing. The fishermen rely mainly on the trap-net and lose many fish that might be theirs if they studied the seining methods of the North Sea and made use of the steam-trawler. From lack of knowledge and capital, the returns are comparatively poor. Here, again, the need of packing facilities and of intelligence is manifest. The European herring-fisheries are great sources of wealth. Those of Newfoundland could be made equally so.

A small fish, the caplin, which runs in the spring, can be caught in large quantities. Smoked, it is a



Jumping Salmon, Upper Humber Falls

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delicacy. Samples sent to the States have developed a demand that few have troubled to fill. The fish is, therefore, mainly used as a fertilizer for gardens along the shore. It has great possibilities as a money-maker. Much more might also be done with fresh salmon, if it were artificially propagated.

So much for the industrial side. On that of sports there is much to say. Noblest of the deer family, the caribou has long been the prime game of Newfoundland, but so wanton has been the waste that the government has at last interdicted the killing of it for a period of three years, one of which is past. Formerly, 200,000 caribou existed, it is estimated, migrating north and south annually, across the Topsails, as the high lands in the center of the island are called, in herds of thirty and forty. Now the groups are down to four and five, and they travel timidly. Just as the Pacific Railroad interrupted the march of the American bison across the plains, and hastened the destruction of the mighty herds, so the Newfoundland railway across the islands has stemmed the travels of the caribou and led to their drastic diminution.

This, of course, was hastened, as was the fate

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of the buffalo, by the killing of great numbers during the period of railroad construction, to which have been added the forays of hunters, since the caribou country became conveniently accessible, and the inevitable killing by men from the lumber-camps who winter in the woods and cut timber for the paper-companies. It is hard to protect the animals from these men, and destruction goes on, despite the closed season.

Much of the killing was done by visiting hunters greedy for heads with "points" (the tips on the magnificent antlers). There is record of one set bearing fifty points, though thirty-five or so are the rule. Big bucks sometimes weigh as much as five hundred pounds. The herds spend most of their time in the semi-barrens in the center of the island, where muskeg or clump-moss is the chief vegetation, as it is in the Hudson Bay region, where the caribou flourish best, and in Labrador, where they are also plentiful.

Some famous hunters have tested the caribou shooting in Labrador, notably F. C. Selous, the "Allan Quatermain" of H. Rider Haggard's most famous tale, and J. G. Millais, the English sportsman and naturalist. Selous made his trial late in

1900. One of his quarry, a noble stag, had forty points on its antlers. Millais is authority for a statement about the Newfoundland caribou: "Owing to the nutritive qualities of its super-excellent caribou moss, the deer grow to a great size and in some respects throw out finer horns than any other form of the reindeer in existence, if we except those of British Columbia, Alaska and Labrador."

Henry William Herbert ("Frank Forester"), the first American authority on game, held there were two distinct varieties of caribou in Newfoundland, one "vastly superior in size to the other, and characteristically separated from the smaller, by the form and structure of its horns." Herbert defined the caribou's differences from other large members of the deer tribe as, "first, the peculiar structure of its horns, combining the properties of the palmated and furcated structures; second, the length and looseness of its pelage, and the shortness of its tail, which rather resembles the scut of the hare than the long flag of a deer; and, thirdly, the extreme cleft of its hoofs and feet, extending up the pasterns, nearly to the fetlock joint, a structure to which it owes its great facility in traversing the spread of the hoofs and pasterns, the whole

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length of which rests on the surface over which it bounds, when in full action, up to the fetlock, supporting it where small animals of inferior size and weight would sink up to the belly at every stride, and where man himself labors even with the mechanical aid of snow shoes. . . . The nose of the caribou can detect the smallest taint upon the air of anything human, at least two miles upward of him. If he takes alarm and starts off to run, no one dreams of pursuing; as well pursue the wind."

As a food, my Arctic friend, Vilhjalmur Stefansson assures me that "fat caribou meat is the most delicious flesh in the world."

Some years ago a few moose were introduced and the family appears to be growing. Mr. J. C. Parsons, photographer at Corner Brook, sometime ago captured a couple of calves and held them long enough to take their pictures. They were promising specimens.

Large game other than caribou is not plentiful, though bears abound. There is splendid partridge-shooting, however, and the footprints of the big arctic hare everywhere dot the snow in winter.

The great sport is fishing. Here the opportunities are limitless. The lakes and streams are

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full of leaping beauties, and there are no restrictions save those of common sense. Trout of many varieties and splendid salmon are here in bountiful supply. This is particularly true of the waters of the west coast. The recent record of J. E. Mullen of Brockton, Massachusetts, in the Codroy River region, is cited as an example of amazing "luck," as fishermen call the results of their angling. He fished for one month, going into camp June 8, 1925, with two guides. In that period he landed 130 fish, weighing in all 1295 pounds, paying only a rod-tax of ten dollars for his fun. The catch included 116 salmon and fourteen grilse. The heaviest salmon landed weighed twenty-six pounds. The usual weight was from ten to fourteen pounds. Salmon begin to run about the first of June; trout-fishing lasts into September. There are no leased streams, as in the maritime provinces. Public opinion in Newfoundland rather thought that Mr. Mullen overdid it, but points with pride to the catch as evidence of abundance. The salmon is a noble fish, and to take one with a rod is the thrill of a lifetime. Professional fishermen on the northern and eastern coast trap the fish with nets and sometimes land a fifty-pounder if he does

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not tear holes in the netting and get away, as he has often been known to do. Something of a trade has sprung up in frozen salmon with England, the Furness liners having put in refrigerating-rooms to insure safe transport.

Beyond all question, the salmon is the finest fish that swims the sea, and those of Newfoundland are of the choicest sort. Naturally, after making its acquaintance, one will be in full accord with Frank Forester, who once wrote:

This glorious fellow . . . is admitted on all hands to be the very king of fishes as regards personal beauty, strength, agility and speed, as regards excellence upon the table, and as regards the sport he gives to the vigorous and skilful angler . . . [and] is perhaps, the most perfect in shape of all animals, and the most exquisite model of marine architecture in existence. The head is small and sharpened, the body thence increasing gradually to about two fifths of its length, at which point its gutt is the greatest, with lines as shapely and a curvature as evenly and gracefully swelling as those of the entrance of the fleetest ship that ever walks the waters. Thence afterward, like the run of some vessels, it tapers far more rapidly and sharply, the narrowest point being at four fifths of its whole length, beyond which its broad, flat,

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deeply forked tail, the rudder and at once the propeller of this wonderful animated machine, expands to a width all but equal to that of the broadest portion of the body.

The consequence of this exquisitely beautiful conformation is a combination of vigor, swiftness, and power of resistance to the element in which it exists equal to that of any known animal. The dart of the salmon in pursuit of its prey, or its arrowy rush, on feeling the sting of the barbed hook, is comparable to nothing but the velocity of the swallow in the air. He runs up any rapids, it matters not how swift, or steep, or strong, of the mightiest rivers, with scarce an effort; he leaps all obstacles, whether of mill-dams or natural water-falls, not exceeding thirteen feet in perpendicular height, as easily as a trained hunter tops a quickset hedge; and, what is perhaps the most astonishing proof of his wonderful muscular strength, he can retain his station, head on in the teeth of a current, against which the strongest swimmer would not presume to struggle, motionless for many minutes together, at the end of which a slight and scarcely perceptible sweep of the powerful tail gives him without sending him forward, the power of retaining his position, as before, for a similar interval of time.

When fresh from the sea, the upper part of his head, and all his body above the lateral line, are of a deep cerulean blue, almost black along the ridge, and mellowing downward into lustrous, pearly azure on the sides, the

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lower parts and belly glitter like burnished silver, and the whole fish appears, when newly taken from the water, to be cased in such silver and enameled mail, as we read of as worn by the tragic heroines of Tasso's or Ariosto's poetry.

He also observes that very little is known of the true food of the salmon, "for so rapid is their digestion, that when taken their stomachs are always found empty, with the exception of a small quantity of yellowish blend, but it would seem quite certain that, while in fresh water it must consist principally, if not entirely of small fish, for the natural water flies, which are the favorite of trout, and of themselves, also, when in their infancy, before they have visited salt water, they do not condescend to notice on their return to the rivers. The salmon, properly speaking, is neither a salt water, nor a fresh water fish. A change from one to the other, at different seasons of the year, being in his state necessary to his existence, and in any state to his greatest perfection. The salt water and the food which they therein obtain, the spawn namely, and eggs of crabs, and other crustaceous fishes, are necessary to him for recruiting and reinvigorating of his system after the exhaustion consequent upon spawning; and to



Salmon fishing, Grey River

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these he is supposed to owe his great and rapid growth, the deep ruddy color, and the exquisite flavor of his flesh."

Trout-fishing can be had in all the waters of Newfoundland. The fish are gamy and plentiful, running from one to six pounds in weight and giving the angler all the excitement he needs. There is only one fish-hatchery on the island, that of the Murray Lake Club, maintained on its preserve near St. John's. It specializes on rainbow and Loch Leven trout. The late John Martin was responsible for the introduction of the latter. He established two hatcheries, one at Long Pond and the other at Winsor Lake, both operating with success. They no longer exist. Colonel Robert G. Randall's enthusiasm keeps up the work at Murray Lake. The native fishes seem strong enough to preserve their continued strength in numbers, the natural increase being more than ample to overcome the catch of the fishermen who whip the lakes and streams. There is little danger of exhaustion, because of the great extent of the wild areas and the precaution against pollution.

Rainbow-trout and Loch Levens both thrive in Newfoundland, adding to the variety of the catch

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and the interest of angling. Sea-trout come up the rivers in swarms and afford excellent fishing. The words "fisherman's paradise" are trite in describing the Great Island.

The more notable fishing-streams are the Codroy, Humber, Harry's Brook, Colinet, Little Codroy, Grand River, Robinson's Brook, Spice Brook, Exploits, North West and North East Rivers, Biscay Bay River, Salmonies, North Harbor River, Sandy Harbor River, Middle Barachois, Fishkills and Crabbes Rivers, Blomidon Brook, Highland River, Portland Creek, Cloud's River, Eastern River, Torrent River, St. Barbes, Upper and Lower Gander Rivers, Traverse Brook, Indian Back Brook, Bambury Brook, South Brook and West Brook (running into Hall's Bay), Anchor Brook, Gray River, Cinq Crab River, Burt Island Brook, Garnish River, Grandy's Brook, Fox Island River, Isle au Morte River, Grand Bay Brook, Hughes Brook, Cook's Brook, Goose Arm Brook, Marble Brook and many minor brooks, with good trout-fishing. The lakes are a legion, the principal ones being Seymour's Ponds, Seymour's Gullies, Cupid's Pond, Long Pond, Nine Island Pond, Level Pond, Snow Pond, Three Island

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Pond, Turk's Gut Pond, Batten Pond, Terra Nova Lake, Marble Pond, Cole's Pond, Lane's Pond, Crooked Lake, Great Burnt Lakes, Red Indian Lake (source of the Exploits River), Meelpaeg Lake, Sandy Lake, Red Cliff Lake, Japlee Lake. Grand Lake and the Red Indian are the two largest bodies of inland water. The latter is unique in its layout, lying on one side of the Annisopsquotch Mountains, while its tributary, the Victoria River, bounds another.

The bays afford fine sea-fishing and are wonderful in scenery; they are almost too numerous to chronicle. Bonavista, Conception, and Trinity are the chief indentations on the east coast. On the south the bays of Trepassey, St. Mary, Placentia, and Fortune are remarkable for size and picturesque. St. George's, Port au Port, and Bay of Islands afford wide havens on the west; while White Bay, Hare Bay, and Notre Dame Bay form great harbors to the north. Islands are everywhere. No wonder the count of the coast-line varies from four thousand to six thousand miles, according to the way it is measured.

In Labrador there is also limitless room for the exercise of rod and line. Labrador, by the way, is

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but fourteen miles across the strait of Belle Isle from Newfoundland, though it sounds far away to the American ear. Canadians and Newfoundlanders have no respect for distance such as prevails in the United States. Nor do they worry about time. They have become used to slow journeys and to the vagaries of tides and sea. Like Ireland, its nearest neighbor across the North Atlantic, which is next in size, Newfoundland has no native reptiles. Nor is there any record that St. Patrick ever paid a visit to the Great Island.

The silver fox is indigenous and is being cultivated with profit. Beaver abound inland. So do the cat-like lynx. These are trapped by the Micmacs. The sea-otter, a valuable fur-bearing animal, is also taken. Once the great auk, giant of the penguin family, flourished on Funk Island, well out to the seaward from Cape Fogo. Correctly speaking, the name of the great auk was "garefowl." Linnaeus christened the big bird *Alca impennis*. It was once plentiful in Iceland and the Hebrides. Funk Island was among its last resorts, with the islands along the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador as breeding-places. For three centuries it was hunted for its flesh and eggs.

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Becoming rare in the thirties, it was left for naturalists and museums to put a price on it for specimens; it disappeared entirely after 1844. Stuffed members of the family are now precious. It was about the size of a goose.

The late venerable archbishop of Halifax once described Newfoundland as a place "where the virgin forest still fringes the noblest bays; where the codfish actually swim within a yard of the shore, and salmon bask in the ledges of secluded inlets."

The deputy commissioner of customs, a genial product of the Channel Islands, H. W. Le Mesurier, gives this warning to tourists and sportsmen:

When tourists, anglers, and sportsmen, arriving in this Colony, bring with them firearms and ammunition, tents, canoes and implements, cameras, bicycles, angler's outfits, trout gear, they shall be admitted under the following conditions:

A deposit equal to the duty shall be taken on such articles as cameras, bicycles, trout poles, firearms, tents, canoes, and tent equipage.

A receipt (No. 1) according to the form attached, shall be given for the deposit, and the particulars of the articles shall be noted in the marginal checks. Receipt No.

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2, if taken at an Outport Office, shall be mailed at once, directed to the Assistant Collector, St. John's; if taken in St. John's, the Receipt No. 2 shall be sent to the Landing Surveyor. Upon the departure from the Colony of the tourist, angler or sportsman, he may obtain a refund of the deposit by presenting the articles at the Port of Exit, and having them compared with the Receipt. The examining officer shall initial on the Receipt the result of his examinations, and upon its correctness being ascertained the refund may be made.

No groceries, canned goods or provisions of any kind will be admitted free, and no deposit for a refund may be taken upon such articles.

CHAPTER VI

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS

NEWFOUNDLAND is a crown colony, independent of the Dominion of Canada. She has often been solicited to join the federation but has always refused, and not especially to her own detriment, though she is in real need of some alliance that will improve her economic conditions and distribute the burdens of government. As a crown colony she is under the supervision of a royal governor; at this writing, Sir William L. Allardyce, an accomplished gentleman, with ample experience in the management of distant outposts of the Empire, having served variously as governor of Tasmania, the Falkland Islands, and the Bahamas before coming to Newfoundland. With Lady Elsie E. Allardyce and family, he is lodged in the Government House, a great stone structure resting in a large park at the back of the city. Near-by, in frigid comeliness, is the House of Assembly,

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where the Colonial Legislature meets. This is composed of thirty-six members, elected for four-year terms. Laws are proclaimed as "enacted by the Governor, the Legislative Council and House of Assembly."

The Legislative Council consists of twenty-six members and takes the place of an upper house or Senate.

Aside from the governor, the Council, and the elected Assembly, the government possesses a cabinet, which includes a prime minister, who is also minister of education, a colonial secretary, a minister of justice, one of finance and customs, and one of posts and telegraphs, plus five members without portfolios. The minister of agriculture and mines, the minister of public works, and the minister of marine and fisheries do not sit in the cabinet.

There seem to be no tangible parties, and a large share of the electorate does not take the trouble to vote. This is not because the political pot never boils over; it boils all too frequently. There have been seven governments in six years. The present one, that of Premier W. S. Monroe, might be called conservative, in the sense that it is engaging in the task of keeping down expenses and in-



Three year old stag

creasing revenues. Church influences appear to be the dominating factors, and they are very strong in island affairs, more so than anywhere else in non-Catholic countries or the state of Indiana.

The vast diversity of religious sects in America does not prevail in Newfoundland. Here three dominate: Catholic, Church of England (Episcopal), and Methodist. According to the census there were, in 1921, 86,489 Catholics, 84,663 Church of England communicants, and 74,152 Methodists. The representation of other denominations was trivial—1884 Presbyterians, 1018 Congregationalists, and 1689 of other faiths. The Salvation Army was credited with holding 13,014 in its sheltering arms. This solidarity makes the churches potent politically, and they are charged with passing the government around from time to time. The most singular outcome of the situation is the educational system of the colony. It is virtually all parochial, the several denominations maintaining schools in duplication and triplication of the public needs. To all these the state gives aid, to the extent of more than \$800,000 per annum. The schools are administered by sectarian boards. The minister of education, Premier Monroe, an Episcopalian, is

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assisted by Deputy Commissioner Vincent P. Burke, a graduate of Columbia College, New York, who is diligent and intelligent. He is a Catholic. The lord bishop of the Church of England, the Catholic archbishop, and the chief elder of the Methodists are powerful potentates; so powerful that they have to get along with each other, which does not make for the popular advantage, however good and well intentioned these gentlemen may be.

The problem of securing teachers is a difficult one. This may be solved by the recent establishment of a normal school under government auspices at St. John's. The Methodists maintain a college at St. John's, the only higher educational institution in the colony, which would hardly be patronized by the two other sects. The Catholics have several convent schools.

It is difficult to see how education can thrive under such a strict sectarian system. Some unprejudiced observers say it does not. Each denomination must, of course, have separate schools in every town, thus triplicating the cost of housing and supervision. So far as I could see, well-kept buildings were provided, but it is inevitable that

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the mental freedom which makes for progress cannot be present. "We are taught only to say prayers and catch codfish," said a native.

The Northcliffe interests at Grand Falls maintain an excellent union school; so does the Armstrong-Whitworth Corporation at Corner Brook. Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell also conducts several, one at St. Anthony and another at Battle Harbor in Labrador. These can only be established by the consent of the government, which does not offend the churches by extending the practice to ordinary communities.

The Great Island is divided into eighteen political districts, viz:

<i>District</i>	<i>Population</i>
Twillingate	26,318
Fogo	9,134
Bonavista	24,754
Trinity	23,422
Bay de Verde	10,662
Carbonear	4,831
Harbor Grace	11,458
Port de Grace	6,544
Harbor Main	9,261

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St. John's West	23,800
St. John's East	28,459
Ferryland	6,015
Placentia and St. Mary's	16,472
Burin	12,579
Fortune	11,272
Burgeo and La Poile	8,645
St. George's	13,566
St. Barbe	12,166
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Total population	259,358
Labrador	3,621
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Grand total	262,979

There is much shifting of population, though the core stays solid. The island grew 20,000 in the decade after 1911. There was an excess of 30,000 of births over deaths in the period. Males outnumber females in the ratio of forty to the thousand, partly because in lands of hazardous occupation the male increase is likely to be larger, and partly because many of the girls go to the United States, some of them to study nursing at the medical colleges and are apt to marry promising young physicians. Statistics of the shift in population show

that 87,789 males left the island in the decade and were replaced by 82,891 and that 34,930 females departed and were replaced by 30,841. Of course, many of those who came in were returned adventurers, though the new paper-making industries attract a considerable number of genuine outsiders. I found the boss river driver of the Northcliffe plant to be a native of Bangor, Maine. He had been sixteen years in Newfoundland.

It will be seen that the political districts rank well in population for the most part, and are large enough to procure excellent representation in the House of Assembly, if they want it. Twillingate is the district containing the Northcliffe mills. Placentia and St. Mary's include the old French shore. Carbonear, though small, is important, containing a town from which have come many leading men, like my friends Dr. Patrick W. Browne and John Powell, the eminent Newfoundland engineer. The tendency of the people here, as elsewhere, is urban. Outside of St. John's, with its population of 37,047, according to the last census (it has grown since), the communities are modest in size, those numbering more than five hundred in population being as follows:

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<i>Town</i>	<i>Population</i>
Twillingate	3,217
Grand Falls	3,769
Fogo	1,216
Change Islands	1,075
Greenspond	1,211
Bonavista	4,052
Trinity	1,356
Heart's Content	1,299
Western Bay	869
Carbonear	3,320
Harbor Grace	3,825
Bay Roberts	2,168
Brigus	935
Harbor Main	745
Conception Harbor	892
Ferryland	562
Placentia	1,383
Burin	2,763
Grand Bank	1,869
Harbor Breton	725
Channel	994
St. George's Harbor	1,024
Bay of Islands	1,349

The miners' colony on Bell Island harbors a community of several thousand souls. There were,

according to the 1921 census, 94,343 married and 156,092 single persons, plus 12,544 widows and widowers in its colony. The census revealed the presence of but 504 persons who were not either native or naturalized residents—no “foreign” peril here. Curiously, of the non-citizens, there are a number of Chinese, even the rock of Bell Island possessing a forlorn wind-swept Celestial laundry.

Possessed of little native capital, or at least of little that is willing to back local enterprises, the colony, in modernizing itself, was compelled to rely on the credit of the state. The chief item involved was the construction of the railway system, begun in 1886, under a contract with the late R. C. Reid, which developed into the Reid Newfoundland Company. Mr. Reid built 904 miles of railway for fifteen thousand dollars a mile, which was about what it cost him to construct the lines. On top of this, his corporation undertook to operate the road. In return, Mr. Reid was awarded great concessions in the way of timber, power, and mineral rights. As it is dull in Newfoundland much of the time, excitement has to be found mainly in politics, and so seven years ago the railways became an issue, with the outcome that the Reid Newfoundland Com-

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pany's operating contract was abrogated and the state took over the management. The results do not seem to have benefited any one unless it be the Reids, who are relieved of a load. Difficulties arise that cannot be met as readily by state as by private ownership. I mean that utilities must be operated according to law, which cannot be enterprising. Its functions are more in the line of regulation, which means restriction rather than progress. For one thing the employees have been made a privileged class, and the management is always subject to political pressure. Deficits and betterments have to be cared for out of the public purse, which produces its share of groans. Yet it is impossible to see how matters could be made very different. The roads are a necessity and seem on the whole to be as well operated as circumstances and old equipment would permit. "Reid Newfoundland Company" has not yet been painted out on all the freight-cars, and there is much complaint of roughness in the travel. I found myself no more shaken up than on the Pennsylvania Railroad between Pittsburgh and Columbus, or on motor-operated local trains of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford. The sleeping and dining car service was



Codry, near Tompkins

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excellent. Much of the delays come from light rails and poor ballasting. These are being remedied as fast as government finances will permit.

The railway development began under the rule of Sir William Whiteway, a man of advanced ideas who wished to rescue the island from the grip of the sea and to open up its resources.

The government railway system is not charged with the interest on its cost of construction, which is an item in the public debt in which the outlay on the railways and on other public utilities is submerged, after the manner of all government book-keeping. The expenditures for 1924-25 were accounted for in this fashion:

Interest on public debt	\$3,128,224.96
Civil government	457,163.58
Civil pensions	75,717.77
Military pensions	594,499.27
Old-age pensions	97,787.50
Administration of justice	457,767.64
Legislation	98,042.97
Education	835,842.77
Public charities	1,059,755.91
Agriculture and mines	51,898.16
Marine and fisheries	316,966.18

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Roads and bridges	224,563.70
Posts and telegraphs	1,249,949.46
Customs	509,552.25
Contingencies—general	89,940.70
Elections	7,284.35
Audit Act	181,228.06
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	\$9,436,185.23

The revenues that paid the above bills were derived from the following sources:

Customs	\$7,996,972.55
Posts	316,265.69
Telegraphs	207,177.28
Crown lands	159,015.21
Inland revenue stamps	42,496.80
Fines and forfeitures	5,952.26
Interest on guaranteed loans	86,849.51
Broom department, penitentiary	6,658.46
Fees public institutions	55,421.25
Taxes and assessments	223,857.37
Estate duties	47,332.38
Liquor sales	176,662.56
Business profits tax (arrears)	16,548.09
Income tax	351,080.73
Manufacturers' sales tax	11,094.42

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Miscellaneous—general	79,803.90
	\$9,783,188.46

There was, therefore, a surplus, for the first time in a considerable period, to the amount of \$343,007.23. Sir J. C. Crosbie, minister of finance, in forecasting 1926, predicted a revenue of \$10,069,000 and a surplus of \$61,522.39.

The bank branches and the government savings institution on December 31, 1925, showed a total in savings of \$23,179,123.56, a gain for the year of \$1,043,894.54. This speaks well for the individual, but the government paid out, from money raised by borrowing, \$2,875,176.36. This the finance minister pointed out was mainly for capital account, which the state, as has been mentioned, does not report in its aggregate form; it includes \$470,289 for the fine new steamer *Caribou*, running from Port au Basque to North Sydney, and \$643,429 on the big dry-dock at St. John's. The dry-dock is expected to be profitable; the vessel was a public necessity.

It will be observed that the railroads made no contribution to the revenues. The public utilities

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include sundry steamship lines and the dry-dock recently completed at St. John's. The returns as stated for the fiscal year 1924-25 from these sources follow:

Passenger	\$ 834,067.94
Freight	888,342.03
Mail	60,408.92
Dining and sleeping cars	74,295.65
Miscellaneous	92,573.43
Express	157,916.00
Steamers	882,893.88
Dockyards	380,702.53
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	\$3,371,200.38

Against this were charged expenses, as below:

Conducting transportation	\$1,189,508.36
Maintenance of way and structures	708,679.86
Maintenance of equipment	480,953.16
General	169,256.97
Dining and sleeping cars	55,193.73
Express	32,062.29
Steamer	738,344.85
Dockyards	355,711.00
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Total expenses	\$3,729,710.22

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Total earnings	3,371,200.38
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Net loss	\$ 358,509.84
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The profit or loss on each branch of the system shows thus:

Loss on operation of railway	\$ 528,050.40
Profit on operation of steamers	144,549.03
Profit on operation of dockyards	24,991.53

Net loss	\$ 358,509.84
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Roughly half of the public debt is credited to utilities, so that something like \$1,600,000 per annum has to be contributed on their account from taxation. For those Americans who admire government ownership, the following table of railway operation will prove instructive:

Total locomotive mileage	1,123,612
Passenger mileage	240,607
Freight	438,462
Mixed train mileage	184,519
Cost per mile run	\$3.05
Revenue per mile run	\$2.44
Expenses per mile of line	\$2,922.01
Revenue per miles of line run	\$2,336.59

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Passengers carried	268,187
Average revenue per mile of passengers .	3.42 cents
Tons freight hauled	424,253 tons
Average revenue per ton per mile	3.07 cents
Number tons coal discharged	65,216 tons
Cost per ton discharging	73 cents
Total amount coal consumed	73,606 tons
Average amount coal consumed per 100 locomotive miles	4.21 tons

The debt-increasing process of the government can be shown in the following proposition laid before the House of Assembly, on June 1, 1926, on the heels of the finance minister's favorable budget showing, calling for the borrowing of \$5,000,000 at 5 per cent to meet the following necessities:

Completion of dock, freight-sheds, machine-shops and wharves	\$ 800,000.00
Rolling-stock, re-railing, improvements to road-bed and in aid of operation of Nfld. Railway	1,945,000.00
Public building at Corner Brook and equipment	80,000.00
Addition to Liquor Control Building	13,000.00
New heating-system, court-house	12,000.00

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To liquidate balance of Pit-prop account	200,000.00
To liquidate Militia Account	90,000.00
For fitting up of Lobelia, Watchful, and Daisy	80,000.00
Balance due on railway purchase loan	58,210.00
For new lighthouses and fog-alarms	150,000.00
Labrador boundary expenses and U. S. A. pecuniary claims	75,000.00
Erections and alterations to public buildings	50,000.00
Addition to sanatorium	50,000.00
Rebuilding branch telephone lines, etc. ...	100,000.00
For investigating the mineral, agricultural, and fishing Resources of the colony; developing and experimenting in connection therewith, and especially in promoting the interest of the fisheries in connection with bait depots	296,790.00
Special public works and improvements ...	1,000,000.00
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	\$5,000,000.00

The loans authorized in 1925 totaled \$6,500,000.

The business interests in St. John's are becoming awake to the danger of the easy borrowing policy

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—of the government. The latest report of the council of the Newfoundland Board of Trade observes cogently:

Borrowing of money by the Government is usually a popular step as its expenditure brings temporary prosperity, but only in so far as the works created are economically productive, either directly or indirectly, will the borrowing be justified. It is in the hope and expectation of increased revenues from the tourist traffic that better highroads and a new hotel are being built, and time will show whether this policy is justified. If all work together to encourage the tourist to visit Newfoundland, and to make his stay enjoyable, there is every reason to believe the large expenditures in this connection will be amply repaid.

The oppressive character of the tariff, costing each family an average of \$150 per annum, is thus adverted to by the same body:

It is recognized that an important duty of the Government is to provide sufficient funds to pay its current expenditure, but there can be no doubt that present taxation makes the cost of living bear heavily on all classes. The taxation of imports is the principal means of raising the revenue, and in this connection it is noticed that



Humber River

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there is a large free list. It would be interesting to know whether this or any previous Government has fully explored the possibility of reducing the number of classifications under this heading, with a view to spreading the incidence of taxation as widely as possible.

Yet it is difficult to see what other method can be followed, so long as Newfoundlanders will not invest their money in Newfoundland enterprises, and offer no inducements for their young people to remain on the island. The steps taken under government auspices are, on the whole, necessary. Without them the country must go back; with them, it slowly forges forward. In the lands where hoarding and lack of confidence prevail, the burden of improvement must be laid on the taxpayer, as in India and Japan; it appears to be the only way in which his sloth and indifference can be overcome. Otherwise the task must be left to the outsider, who usually collects heavy toll for his pains.

The Newfoundland State Railway runs three trains weekly across the Great Island from St. John's to Port au Basques, at the southwesternmost tip, where the ferry-steamer sails to North Sydney, Cape Breton Island. The departing

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days are Sundays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays; the time of starting, one o'clock; the running schedule, seventeen hours. That is, the train is due to reach Port au Basques at 6 P. M. the next day. It sometimes does.

The main railway line from St. John's to Port au Basques is 545.45 miles in length. The various branches tabulate as follows:

<i>Line to</i>	<i>Miles</i>
Brigus	38
Heart's Content	42
Bonavista	88
Port Union	2
Grate's Cove	4.20
Trepassey	104.43
Bay de Verde	68.36
Lewisporte	9.34
Placentia	21.15

The branch-lines tap towns and serve a considerable public convenience. Newfoundlanders are great travelers, but not on land. The cross-continental trains are used, of course, by commercial travelers, and for the incidental journeys of the well-to-do to Canada and the States. The

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amount of freight moved is small for so long a line. The light cars cannot carry a great tonnage, and this is disadvantageous from the point of view of making St. John's a winter port for the North-cliffe mills.

The Port au Basques-North Sydney steamer is governed by the railway time-table: Notre Dame Bay, every Friday from Lewisporte; Bonavista Bay, Mondays and Fridays from Port Blandford; Green Bay, Monday from Lewisporte; Placentia Bay, Mondays and Fridays; Battle Harbor, Wednesdays from Humbermouth. The other routes are subject to the whims of the sea.

The steamship mileage aggregates 3413, as follows:

<i>Route</i>	<i>Miles</i>
Port au Basques to North Sydney	102
St. John's, Placentia, Port au Basque	645
Placentia Bay	298
Trinity Bay	183
Bonavista Bay	259
Notre Dame Bay	301
Green Bay	301
St. John's and Labrador	945
Humbermouth and Battle Harbor (Labrador)	379

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"You have come to a poor country," said an American, long resident in Newfoundland, on greeting me as I arrived. My observations convinced me of the contrary. It is a rich country being made poor. The process employed is very simple. It consists in spending more than is earned, the difference being made up by government borrowings or by expansion of private credit. The balance of trade sets steadily against the country, and the public debt rises with insistent regularity. Great Britain has been drawn upon heavily for loans, and in return a strong effort has been made to shift trade from Canada and the United States to the mother-country overseas, with the result that Newfoundland now buys more from England than she sells. Formerly it was the reverse, the United States and Canada benefiting. The adverse balance in 1924 was \$6,605,611. It rose to \$10,076,997 in 1925, when the total reports were \$23,503,655, and the imports \$33,580,652. Thanks to increased reciprocity with Great Britain, the imports from that country increased from \$6,250,360 in 1924 to \$14,357,585 in 1925; while those from the United States grew from \$8,589,290 to \$9,976,292. The exports to England dropped from \$7,-

615,069 to \$7,146,620. On the other hand exports to the United States expanded from \$1,901,292 to \$2,704,606. Canada also gained, showing \$13,759,788 in imports, to \$11,569,434 last year, with exports to the United States \$1,682,894, a drop from \$2,031,756, the year before.

The tariff is for revenue and is to some extent retaliatory, being at the same time, as the result of fiscal needs, highly protective. Against nations enjoying fishing-rights in Newfoundland waters, which exact a duty on fish exported from the colony, retaliatory rates rule; viz., flour 75 cents per barrel; pork 75 cents; corn meal 25 cents per barrel; kerosene 5 cents per gallon; hay \$5 per ton; tobacco \$5 per 100 pounds; butter 75 cents per 100 pounds; oats 10 cents per bushel; potatoes 25 cents per bushel; turnips 25 cents per bushel; cabbage 40 cents per dozen heads; all other vegetables 30 per cent ad valorem. The governor and council have the privilege of suspending these exactions for a limited period in time of need. There are easy ways provided for reciprocity. Special license fees are required of manufacturers of oleomargarin and tobacco, running from \$200 to \$1000 per annum, according to the number of workers employed.

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Foods of the better grade are so heavily taxed as to turn most of them into luxuries. Beef on the hoof carries a duty of 30 per cent ad valorem. Calves and sheep pay a duty of \$1.50 each; poultry 25 per cent ad valorem. Pig's heads, feet, and ribs, salted, are loaded with a tax of \$1.50 per barrel. The succulent sausage must pay 5 cents per pound; pig's jowls, salted, with tongues, \$2 per barrel; canned meats are dutiable around 10 per cent. Salt beef, pork, and flour are free, save where retaliatory duties are enforced.

Imported fruits are taxed 25 per cent ad valorem; eggs 7 cents per dozen; cheese 50 per cent ad valorem; butter 5 cents per pound; sardines, canned oysters and their kind 50 per cent. ad valorem; flavoring extracts 45 per cent; coffee 10 cents per pound; chocolate and cocoa 40 per cent ad valorem; apples 75 cents per barrel; cider 30 cents per gallon; fizzy waters 55 per cent ad valorem; cake 10 cents per pound; honey 50 per cent ad valorem; preserved fruits 5 to 55 per cent.; vegetable oils 25 per cent (free from Spain). Pickles pay 50 per cent ad valorem; non-classified provisions 50 per cent. The tax on imported liquors run from \$3.40 per gallon on rum to \$4.50 on

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brandy, whisky, and gin; cordials \$3.60 per gallon, which makes the cocktail come high. Candy is assessed 35 per cent ad valorem; maple and fancy syrups 50 per cent; ordinary molasses 7 cents per gallon; refined sugar $4\frac{1}{2}$ cents per pound; jellies and preserves 35 per cent ad valorem; marmalade, a much used delicacy, 20 per cent ad valorem. Tea, very largely consumed, is taxed 7 cents per pound. Spanish onions are free. Champagne must pay an excise of \$9.50 per gallon, port and madeira \$3. Claret gets off with 90 cents per gallon; six bottles are credited with holding one gallon. Liquors landed for transfer, by American and Canadian bootleggers, are taxed 20 cents per gallon for the privilege of a short stay. Tobacco is heavily loaded; cigars \$2.75 per pound, cigarettes \$5.50. Even stems to be ground into snuff pay 70 cents per 100 pounds duty.

The tariff on coal is a curiosity. St. John's must give up \$1 per ton for anthracite and 70 cents for soft coal, to keep warm, presumably because it has the money. Other important ports get off with 50 cents. The small outports can get it duty free for domestic purposes. Sand is free. Precious stones pay 55 per cent ad valorem. Manufactured

cotton is laden with 50 per cent ad valorem; wool likewise. Ready-made clothing is dutiable at 65 per cent ad valorem, including collars and cuffs. Boots and shoes pay the same rate. So do hats and bonnets. Artificial limbs and eyes can come in free.

Locally, manufactured tobacco pays an excise of 40 per cent; cigarettes \$3.50 per pound; cigars \$1.50; small beers 10 cents per gallon. The colony consumes something like 360,000 barrels of flour per annum. This, with molasses, tea, salt beef, pork, and codfish heads, feeds most of the out-port people. A 10 per cent surtax and a 5 per cent sales tax are further embellishments to the tariff.

Stock-raising and the heavier vegetables, it will be seen, are well protected. The short hot season permits good crops of potatoes, and especially of cabbage. The Government maintains a Department of Agriculture.

Though far toward the Arctic, geographically speaking, Newfoundland is surprisingly productive in many respects. The sea, as the chief garden, and an easy one to harvest, has kept agriculture in the background, yet government figures



Summerside, Bay of Islands

indicate a considerable cultivation of the soil. The value of farm products raised for home consumption is set around \$15,000,000. Hay is a large item and commands a high price—\$25 to \$35 a ton in a land where the horse has not yet been replaced by the motor. Something like \$2,500,000 worth of hay is produced. The potato crop is worth \$1,500,000, all home consumed. Cattle accounts for over \$2,000,000. The sheep are valued at about \$1,400,000. Eggs and poultry run up to nearly \$1,000,000; cabbage is a large crop, rated as worth \$369,589. The government credits the output of the sea, soil, forest, and mines as worth \$36,000,000 annually.

Besides all this, a great opportunity exists in the utilizations of wild fruits. Newfoundland produces enormous quantities of blueberries, now a favorite fruit with canners, and as such enriching the eastern coast counties of Maine. With lobster-canning stopped by exhaustion of the supply of the crustaceans, it is surprising that canners have not turned toward this source of revenue. The berries are exceptional in size and flavor.

Another wild fruit that is valuable and makes a delicious jam is the bake-apple. It is something

like a raspberry in shape, but contains a large seed. A third wild fruit found in great abundance, the partridge-berry, has begun to assume commercial importance. Besides being edible, it produces a crimson dye, fast and colorful. It somewhat resembles the American cranberry and keeps for months if immersed in water. Resembling a fruit that grows on the Scandinavian Peninsula, it has been discovered by the Scandinavians of the West. Chicago is the distributing-point for it, and some five thousand barrels went thither from Newfoundland in 1925. Properly introduced and handled, there would probably be a wide market for it, while it would keep well enough to reduce the risk of handling to a minimum.

Dairymen do well. Several near St. John's have fine plants and excellent cattle. Much hay is imported, though the needed supply would readily be raised by the farmers. There is but little land set apart for grazing. Oats are also high, coming mainly from Canada. Every seven years or so there is a bad season, and this is made an excuse for not doing better with farming the rest of the time. Farmers the world over are easily discouraged.

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Outside of paper production the manufactures of Newfoundland are of a minor character. The Imperial Tobacco Company does the largest business. There is a moderate amount of ironwork, having mainly to do with shipping needs. Paints, cordage, flavoring-extracts, soft drinks, mattresses, woolen blankets, crackers, stoves, nails, knit goods, and leather are among the outputs. A boot and shoe factory turns out about a thousand pairs a day. Seal, fish, and cod-liver oil are important items. A single United States vice-consul at St. John's handles all the relations of his country with Newfoundland and Labrador. The imports, mostly by way of New York, are foodstuffs, meat predominating. The Great Island buys around \$1,500,000 worth of beef from the Chicago packers. The ready-made clothing is mostly English, and looks it. There would apparently be a good opening for some direct American mercantile effort. As it is, our trade nearly doubled in the last five years.

A new development is the manufacture of oil-barrels for the Imperial Company of Canada, a Standard Oil subsidiary, which has contracted with

the Dawe factory at Bay Roberts for twenty-five thousand barrels, to be made of witch-hazel wood at three dollars a barrel.

Minor officials are appointed by the governor and council, who also license persons to perform the marriage ceremony, and issue letters patent for new inventions or useful improvements. The members of the boards of education maintained by the several denominations are also appointed by the governor and council, presumably after they have been picked out by the church authorities for the job. The boards serve in districts. The governor calls and prorogues the House of Assembly. Licenses to cut timber and operate sawmills are also under the jurisdiction of the governor and council.

The Newfoundland government, in advertising the merits of its island, seems rather proud of its debt. "Its financial position is assured," it remarks, "its per capita debt moderate, and its foreign obligations amply secured." Of this per capita debt, "half was contracted as a direct result of the splendid part played by Newfoundland in the great war. The larger part of the balance was incurred in financing the Reid Newfoundland Railway, which was completed some years (forty) ago and

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opened up large tracts of rich agricultural, mineral and timber lands. So this is actually a revenue producing debt."

The "per capita" is \$236 against the \$209 of the United States, the \$275 of the Dominion of Canada, and Great Britain's magnificent \$820.

The best buildings in St. John's are those of the great Canadian financial institutions, the bank of Nova Scotia, the Eastern Trust Company, the Bank of Montreal, the Royal Bank of Canada and the Canadian Bank of Commerce. These are represented by important branches. There are no Newfoundland banks owned by local capital. Two failed in 1894, and the people will no longer trust their money with neighbors.

This is an important economic defect. Business is sweated by absent corporations, and the earning-power of Newfoundland's money goes far off to Halifax, Montreal, and Toronto. Distrust therefore becomes doubly burdensome. Thus capital is cramped and resources are impaired, with the result that the government is called upon to support enterprise and to take risks that would elsewhere be borne by the individual.

The government does its banking business

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through the fat and powerful Bank of Montreal, which handles also the savings from the state institution known as the Newfoundland Government Savings Bank, with a bare \$2,000,000 on deposit. In all there are forty-five Canadian branch banks on the island. The coinage is fractional—copper pennies and 5, 10, 20, 25 and 50 cent silver pieces. The larger currency is in the form of bills, after the pattern of Canada. Once Newfoundland coined some gold, but the mintage has been discontinued. Canadian and American money circulates freely.

The thrifty Newfoundlanders take the big Nova Scotian coppers, and the equally large pieces of French coinage from St. Pierre-Miquelon, many of which bear the face of the third Napoleon. They will not accept the small United States and Canadian copper cents on the ground that they are not worth that sum, and for the same reason they reject the Canadian five-cent silver piece and the American nickel. They further reduce the earning-power of their money by the hoarding habit that prevails among the fishermen of the outports, who have no banking facilities and are suspicious by nature, thanks to their large proportion of

Scotch blood. They milk the banks of gold; gold they will have and nothing less. The Bank of Montreal alone in recent years has parted with about \$4,000,000 of the precious metal.

Branch banks in the larger towns have coaxed a little of the outport hoardings into their coffers. When the Bank of Montreal opened its branch in Trepassey, where much money had accumulated from the profitable lobster-fishery, a lobsterman brought to the bank five of the tin cans in which his staple was transported. Each was tightly soldered and heavy. Opened, they were found to be full of coin, about a thousand dollars worth to the can. They were getting a bit heavy, he explained, and he thought he would let the bank care for them, as he heard it "weel spoken of."

Weights and measures are the imperial gallon, the long ton of 2240 pounds, and the quintal of 112 pounds. The Newfoundlanders give and take full measure.

CHAPTER VII

THE DOG

PROBABLY to most Americans the Newfoundland dog means more than it does to its native island. This noble and very popular animal has quite undeservedly lost his once large place among the list of man's best friends both at home and abroad. That is to say, the pure stock has been allowed to run out, and the splendid specimens that were once so common are now rare. In America this can perhaps be explained by the fact that the Newfoundland dog takes up a good deal of room, and we are becoming bungalow dwellers with only cat pastures for yards. The place for the big dog is on the farm, or in towns not yet cramped into closely built checker-boards. Lack of care in preserving the strain, topped by our phrase, "going to the dogs"—meaning, "let things take care of themselves"—has had a demoralizing effect.



folami

A Fine Native

THE DOG

Those of us who are in middle life recall Newfoundland dogs as joyous playmates. Boys who owned them had a higher social status than those who were dogless. The Newfoundland had a well established repute for ability to take care of careless small boys. He was a safe guardian of the swimming-hole, and the nervous mother was always willing to let her boy "go in," provided he had the company of the boy with the dog; her faith was rarely misplaced.

The cause and effect of the disappearance of the dog in America were known to me, but I looked forward to meeting some royal dogs in their native land. Alas, they were not there; that is, not to any notable extent. I saw one splendid specimen, whose portrait appears herewith. Three took charge of the court-house portico in St. John's one morning. It required as many policemen to drive them away. I do not know whether they were seeking Justice or merely trying to interview Premier Monroe.

Inquiry evoked the reply that the strain of pure bloods had pretty well run out. This was a melancholy discovery. It appeared that because of the need of dogs for sled-work in the season of snow,

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Labrador Eskimo breeds, which are powerful travelers, had been imported, and many *mésalliances* resulted, the effect of which was to spoil the pure Newfoundland strain. It was something of a shock to find the dog neglected and allowed to become a mongrel. It became comforting, therefore, as the result of a somewhat amazed inquiry to learn that several kennels had been established with the purpose of bringing the big dog back. On returning to the United States I made the further discovery of the North American Newfoundland Dog Club, whose object was the restoration of the breed to popular favor and to its royal lineage, established and kept in motion by Dr. M. J. Fenton of Wellesley, Massachusetts; R. A. Gillespie of Abbotsford, Quebec; J. H. Clarke, Paterson, New Jersey; Edward H. Morris of Sparkill, New York, secretary. Vice-presidents for States and Provinces are listed as follows: Colorado, F. D. Hart, Kiowa; Montana, S. T. Greer, Plentyville; Georgia, Albert E. Teele, Atlanta; Illinois, Joel L. Birkey, Shelbyville; Massachusetts, D. Leverone, Framingham; Ohio, J. H. Salzer, Springfield; New Jersey, Thomas J. Devery, Lambertton; Missouri, Dr. Louis R. Padberg, St. Louis; New York,

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D. C. Williams, Jordan; Pennsylvania, W. G. H. Acheson, Pittsburgh. Canadian representatives are: New Brunswick, Isaac Hann, Little River; Saskatchewan, F. E. A. Fearweather, Vawn. In Newfoundland Harold Macpherson of St. John's is taking the lead in bringing the big dogs back to their own.

The Newfoundland dog is not indigenous to the island but is the result of the action of soil, climate, and food upon sundry canines brought thither by the French fishermen from Harfleur in the seventeenth century, to protect the flocks of settlers who remained behind after the smacks sailed home. They were in the main the cream-white sheep-dogs of the Pyrenees, large animals, deep-chested, dignified, and reliable. Expertly described, "they had deep flews, affording plenty of space for the olfactory nerve," which gave them good noses—an important part of a dog. They also had thick coats of mingled coarse and fine hair that lay close to the body and guarded it well against the northern cold. Their eyes possessed "almost human pathos," being, besides, "deep, small and searching," an indication of courage, strength, and resolution.

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These were the French contributions to the family. The English brought black, curly-coated retrievers, with long heads and hard mouths, used to plunging into water after game, besides being quick of eye and alert in movement. The cross between the two gave us our Newfoundland, both the black and the black and white.

For intelligence and faithfulness the Newfoundland dog is without a rival. His talent for rescuing the drowning has become traditional. Broad-chested and strong, he can face waves and currents and bring back those who are endangered. For pure friendliness he is superior to most men. The fine eyes, splendid features, and beautiful coat of the real Newfoundland, whether coal black, or black and white, make him most attractive. More than most dogs, he possesses a sense of humor. Moreover he is a gentleman. Good manners are ever present, and rudeness is promptly resented. He smiles readily, and his eyes light up with friendliness, in swift reciprocity. Hostile treatment provokes its like. Powerful and brave, the dog is not to be trifled with; but he rarely, if ever, is known to be the aggressor. A more reliable watch-dog does not exist, and as a companion for children he is with-

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out rival. Newfoundlanders have a ready kinship for little folks and can be trusted as guardians. They are not annoyed at being pulled and hauled; they can be relied on to protect them from danger; and they are, besides, jolly playfellows. Since he has all these qualities, one easily regards the Newfoundland as an equal. Apropos of all this, in a recent volume, "Warriors in Undress," by F. J. Hudleston, librarian of the British War Office, it is exasperating to find this unpleasant anecdote concerning the great Duke of Wellington:

Elers, who had been on the best of terms with Colonel Wellesley in India, offered him, in 1836, a Newfoundland dog. Wellington wrote back coldly: "The Duke has no occasion for a Newfoundland dog and will not deprive Mr. Elers of him." No wonder poor Elers endorsed another letter from the Duke: "Can this man have a heart?"

I quite agree with Elers in his poignant inquiry!

The Newfoundland dog I best knew was a rough-coat and very fond of the water. He also was keen at rescuing, sometimes so much so as to be annoying. Boys who dived in his company were sure to find him after them in an instant, with the

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firm purpose of bringing them forthwith to shore. As this was all in good faith, no real fault could be found with him; it was just a case of over-zeal. Mothers, however, were quite willing that their sons should go swimming if Captain was in the crowd. This improved my social position, which had been low as the son of a clergyman and, properly enough, under suspicion, in a sporting sense. "Ever dependable" is the motto Newfoundlanders apply to their dogs.

The black and white Newfoundland has become known generically as the Landseer, from the eminent painter, Sir Edwin, who often portrayed it in his work. To this great depicter of dogs and deer the canine race owes a debt. The kindly Scot put splendid stags and noble dogs on canvas. His pictures were reproduced on steel plates and did much to popularize the Landseer and collie types of canines. Of these works of art, the one, "Twa Dogs," became a popular favorite. It was engraved by Benjamin P. Gibbon. "Twa Dogs" was exhibited at South Kensington Museum, London, in 1858. One of its subjects is a black and white Newfoundland, the other a collie. The inspiration came from Robert Burns's poem of the same title:

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'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name o' auld King Coil,
Upon a bonie day in June,
When wearin thro' the afternoon,
'Twa dogs, that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him Cæsar,
Was keepit for His Honour's pleasure:
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs;
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Whare sailors gang to fish for cod.

His locked, letter'd, braw brass collar
Shew'd him the gentleman an' scholar;
But though he was o' high degree,
The fient a pride na pride had he;
But wad hae spent an hour caressin',
Ev'n wi' a tinkler-gipsy's messan:
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
Nae tawted tyke, tho' o'er sae duddie,
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
An' stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.

Another celebrated painting by Landseer that did much to popularize the Newfoundland breed was "A Member of the Humane Society." This

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exhibits a Newfoundland dog on a raft with a little child, which the animal had just saved from drowning. The dog was of the black and white variety and so gained the name of Landseer. There is a trick in Landseer's dog paintings by which he greatly increased the expressiveness of his animal faces. In the human eye the upper lid is the longer and so can be manipulated at will to attract or repel by its curtain-effects on the eyeball. In the dog the lower lid is the larger, and less expressiveness is possible than in the case of the human optic. Accordingly Landseer took liberties with this phase of animal anatomy and gave his dogs eyelids modeled on the human plan, greatly to their advantage.

Philip Reinagle, R. A., preceded Landseer as a painter of dogs, making a specialty of English breeds. One celebrated specimen of his work was "The Dog of Newfoundland."

During the World War the big dogs were killed off in England, as the consumers of too much food, of which it was feared they would deprive human beings. As a result of this, Newfoundlands suffered severely. The blooded animals nearly all vanished. In one case, that of the kennel kept by Miss Eleanor Goodall, in Yorkshire, some scoun-



Marble Head, Humber River

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drel deliberately poisoned the dogs under the stress of the food panic. He succeeded in eliminating the owner of the Newfoundlands, for Miss Goodall died soon after; she had been deeply affected at the death of her dumb friends.

In 1914 the London "Daily News" offered a prize to the English dog with the highest record for courage. This was awarded to a Newfoundland of the Landseer type, Donovan Dorova, owned by Miss Mabel Hewitt, "for having saved from drowning in a river, Willie Frampton, and for other meritorious feats."

Much could be written about the presence of mind and intrepidity of the Newfoundland dog. In December of 1919, the coastal steamer *Ethic* ran ashore at Martin's Point, Bonny Bay, Newfoundland, placing ninety-two passengers in peril. It was impossible to launch the life-boats. Attempts to throw a line by shooting it from a small cannon failed. Then a Newfoundland dog that chanced to be on the ship was given the rope. He carried it in his mouth and made the shore. A boatswain's chair was rigged and all hands safely rescued, including an infant, which made the perilous trip in a mail-bag. Had a man braved the

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breakers in this fashion his name would live on monuments. That an animal capable of such deeds should be permitted to die out is a reproach to mankind. Yet, in 1922, amid the hundreds of yelping animals exhibited at the New York show of the Westminster Kennel Club, there was but one Newfoundland.

Another instance of Newfoundland dog intelligence was related me by my friend, the Rev. Patrick W. Browne. In his younger days he was assigned to missionary work in his native island, and took long journeys from home by side-sleigh or dog-sled. Returning from one trip in winter, he was overtaken when four miles from the village by a blinding snow-storm. The road fast disappeared under the swift-falling flakes, and the wind completed its obliteration. Night came on. The pony entirely lost his bearings. For companion the missionary had Skip, a young Newfoundland dog. The pup waited patiently until convinced that his master was thoroughly bewildered, and then gave a bark or two and vanished in the darkness. Doctor Browne felt a sense of despair and began to wonder if he could survive the night in snow and cold. He stamped about trying to keep warm in the lee of

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the pony for nearly two hours. Then he heard shouts and soon saw the flickering light of a lantern.

Skip had gone straight home in the storm and the dark, and by prancing about and barking had convinced a brother that "there was something wrong with Pat." So the brother, taking a staff and lantern, followed the dog to the rescue.

Besides the quality of courage, the Newfoundland has high credit-marks for magnanimity. There is a story related by the Rev. F. O. Morris of a Newfoundland dog that fought a mastiff on a dock. In the course of the struggle both dogs fell into the water. The Newfoundland readily swam ashore. His antagonist, however, had a struggle of it. Perceiving the trouble, the Newfoundland at once jumped in again and carried his antagonist to land. It is gravely averred that the grateful mastiff foreswore his enmity and that the two became fast friends.

The traits of the breed are easily accounted for in its ancestry—the shepherd of the Pyrenees and the English retriever—one giving the sense of guardianship, and the other the instinct for recovery. There are so many worthless dogs,

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against so few good ones, as to cast a doubt on the theory of the survival of the fittest. Negligent nature, in this instance, has required artificial assistance.

The efforts of the North American Newfoundland Club are beginning to show. It is apparent, too, that the revived strain is superior to the old one. Careful breeding has produced a dog far heavier and more handsome than its forebears, with shining coats and no diminution of intelligence, such as sometimes goes with beauty. The club has adopted a standard of points and has established a prize of \$250 in gold, beside five other honors. The "points" follow:

Symmetry and General Appearance.—The dog should give the impression of intelligence, strength, and resolution. He should move freely on his legs with body swung loosely between them, with a slight roll or gait, bearlike. A weak or hollow back, slackness of loins or cow-hocks are decided blemishes.

Head.—Broad and massive with well arched dome, showing occiput. There should be no decided stop; the muzzle should be short, clean cut, rather square and covered with short hair.

Coat.—Flat and dense; topcoat somewhat coarse, un-



Exploits, Notre Dame Bay

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dercoat decidedly woolly and profuse, capable of resisting water and weather. If brushed wrong way coat should fall back into place naturally.

Body.—Broad with good depth of chest, plenty of spring of ribs back of shoulders. Neck should be strong, well set into shoulders, back level, loins muscular.

Forelegs.—Perfectly straight, well muscled, elbows in and well let down, feathered to the pads; pasterns strong and straight.

Hindquarters and Legs.—Very strong with great freedom of action and feathered to pads. Dew claws should be removed; stifles well bent and muscular.

Chest.—Deep, quite broad with plenty of coat extending well below brisket.

Bone.—In proportion to size and weight of dog.

Paws.—Webbed and well padded. If splayed or turned out, they are defective.

Tail.—Of moderate length, reaching slightly below hocks, proportionate, and covered with long hair. When relaxed, it should be carried downward, a slight curvature at end being allowed. When excited or in motion it should be elevated but not over the back, nor should there be any indication of a ring or kink.

Ears.—Of medium size, set high and proportionate to head, not pendulous, lying close to cheeks and covered with short hair, preferably without fringe.

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Eyes.—Moderate size, preferably dark brown or hazel, rather deeply set, but not showing haw, and set wide apart.

Color.—A rich black, bronze tinge, or splash, or white on chest or toes, allowed.

Height and Weight.—Size and weight are desirable so long as symmetry is maintained. A fair average height at the shoulders is 22 to 28 inches for dogs and 20 to 26 inches for bitches. Fair average weight for dogs is from 80 to 140 pounds and bitches from 60 to 120 pounds.

Other than Black.—Should in all respects follow black except in color. Those to be encouraged are solid bronze, black and white, the colors of equal proportion over the body, a black head with a narrow blaze, well defined saddle, black rump and tail to be given preference. Black dogs having white toes and white on chest, or white tips on tails, should be exhibited in classes provided for blacks.

Mathematically, the “points” tabulate as below:

Head

Skull and occiput	12
Eyes and expression	8
Ears	4
Muzzle	6

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Body

Size, weight, appearance and action	10
Coat and color	14
Legs, bone, and paws	10
Quarters and tail, with stifle formation	10
Loin and back	10
Shoulders	4
Brisket and chest with spring of ribs	4
Neck	4
Hocks	2
Pasterns	2
<hr/>	
Total	70

Black and White—Landseers

Color and markings of head	3
Saddle	2
Rump and tail	2
<hr/>	
	7

Before the World War the head of a fine Newfoundland decorated a one-half-cent stamp in the postage of his native land. In the enthusiasm of the moment he had to give way to something "patriotic," though what emblem of loyalty could have

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been chosen that would have outrivalled the dog is hard to say. The Armstrong-Whitworth Paper Company at Corner Brook has adopted this same head for use as its sign manual. It appears in life size on great labels that adorn the ends of paper rolls, most of which come to the United States, and ought to aid in increasing interest in the dog. Newfoundland should restore him to the stamp—and on one of higher value than one cent; the slippery seal already has a place on stamps.

While the English black retriever survives, the shepherd-dog of the Pyrenees has degenerated into a mongrel. So it was not possible to go surely back to the beginnings of the race to refresh its blood. Fortunately, the Newfoundland Club and Mr. Macpherson have established a pure line, limited in numbers, but certain as to pedigree. It seems strange, though, that a dog of this character should come so near to extinction. Some years ago a Frenchman, M. Drebzen, scoured the Pyrenees in search of sheep-dogs of the old type. Out of several thousand examined he found only two or three worth taking away.

The variations in color permitted are concessions to Nature's dye-shop, while the curl in the tail is an-

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other adaptation on the part of the same ingenious dame. Just as certain South American monkeys, compelled to live amid high trees, and seldom touching the earth, have been given prehensile tails so they can use both hands in securing sustenance, so the curl in the Newfoundland's tail comes from the need of keeping the nose warm in a cold climate. The dog's nose is a chilly spot at best, and he sleeps with his tail curled about it to generate the extra warmth that is needed. In hottest Mexico the dogs have neither hair nor curved tails. In Newfoundland the big bush is a household necessity for the dog, and supplies the place of a comforter.

According to Dr. Browne, the purest Newfoundland strain surviving is to be found in the Channel island of Jersey.

It is a fact not generally known that the magnificent St. Bernard, which once wore a tiny cask of brandy for a necktie and went out in blizzard weather to rescue lost travelers on the St. Bernard Pass, owes his being to Newfoundland. It appears that the good monks of St. Bernard's monastery lost all their trained dogs from distemper. In replacing their stock, Herr Essig of Leonberg

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introduced the Newfoundland strain. While the tawny color of the Alpine dog remains, the physique and faithfulness of the Newfoundland became dominating characteristics. The two families, though now but cousins, bear a marked resemblance to each other save for color. The dog experts believe that Newfoundland has made further contributions through inbreeding of the Landseer type. In any event the combination was a success.

Another offshoot of the Newfoundland strain is found in what is known as the Chesapeake Bay dog, a limited family, but of high character. These are brown in color and not so large as the Newfoundland, but possessing many of its characteristics. Incidentally, it may be recalled, as has already been mentioned, that George Calvert, who founded Maryland, made his first essay at colonization in Newfoundland. Perhaps his son brought the dogs along with his other colonists when they moved to the shores of the Chesapeake.

There is also a dog of the Newfoundland type called the Labrador, possessing, it is assumed, more of black retriever blood than of true Newfoundland. The animal is smaller in size and has a longer muzzle and a more closely curled coat.

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Crossed with the Newfoundland proper, the pups favor the Newfoundland.

An article written after my returning from Newfoundland, on "Bringing Back the Newfoundland Dog," evoked this charming tribune to a splendid specimen from Leonard Herbert Campbell, principal of the Commercial High School, Providence, Rhode Island:

When I was a small boy in the 70's, there joined a large household of children, of which the writer was one, a great dog of his breed. He was less than a year old and was a gift from a childless home because he hungered for companionship of children. Until he died of old age, Leo was the playmate and guardian of all.

His noble broad head and benevolent great eyes seemed to make him human. Nothing done by any child or youth in the family could disturb his good nature and tolerance. He would rough-and-tumble with the growing boys, submitting to any pranks with no sign of anything except the best of good nature. A child could take a bone from his mouth; he would drag skater or child on sled, clinging to his tail, across the ice. The baby could fall asleep upon his prone body and he would not stir, except to wag his tail or wink at you, as it were, telling you in dog language that he knew that baby was

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weak and little and must not be disturbed or awakened.

When young folks went to the shore for bathing, he rushed eagerly ahead, carrying a bathing suit for some one in his mouth. Mother never worried so long as Leo was with the children. During the bathing hour he never ceased his care. Standing in the shoal water he watched each and all. If any ventured out into deeper water beyond his idea of prudence, he swam out beside him and escorted him until back in the shoal water. On at least two occasions, young wags pretended distress; one was seized by the hair, the other by bathing trunks and "rescued." They learned a lesson.

His benevolent nature was frequently in evidence. A small dog, not used to water, was teased by his owner beyond his depth and was making a terrified effort to reach the shore. Leo sprang to his side and walked beside him, with mouth half open, ready to seize him should he appear to sink. Like all dogs, he liked at times to chase cats, but when a kitten crouched in terror, he would look down upon it pityingly and then walk away. Ready as he was for a scrap with a dog of his size, he walked along with majestic tread and scorn when snapped at and barked at by smaller dogs. When patience ceased to be a virtue any longer, there was a quick scuffle with angry growls; the smaller dog found himself on his back, paws in air, begging for mercy but unhurt. Resting his paw

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on the breast of his small foe, Leo would give an admonitory growl and then walk away "too proud to fight" a smaller and weaker opponent. At meal time he waited for the cat to eat first, but it is only fair to say that he never allowed her to change her mind when she once turned from the dish.

In the late evening when let out into the grounds, he circled the house, gave a gruff warning bark toward each of the far corners, and then returned to lie down and sleep. Yet occasionally the wagging tail would pound out a welcome to some late home comer, recognizing the familiar foot steps of different members of the family long before their presence was known to the mother, who waited to know that all her children were under the family roof tree for the night.

On the strength of the item which appeared in the "Outlook," Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., undertook the up-bringing of two puppies; Mr. J. P. Morgan another from the same litter, bred at the Sparkill kennels of Mr. Morris.

"Scannon," a Newfoundland dog, was a member of the celebrated Lewis and Clark expedition to Oregon in 1803. He crossed and recrossed the continent, comporting himself with great judgment and was as important a member of the party

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as any man belonging to it. Lewis' air gun "was a never-ending source of wonder to the natives," records Dr. Reuben Gold Thwaites. "So, also, the sagacious dog which accompanied him throughout the expedition, and whose simple tricks immensely pleased the tribesmen."

CHAPTER VIII

MEN AND THINGS

FOR four centuries Newfoundlanders have set their eyes upon the sea, and turn but slowly to the soil and its opportunities. The fisher-folk have thus become to the manner born, and indurated to a life of self-chosen hardship. Dr. Grenfell's efforts to alleviate this are well known, and he, too, has become a member of the most honorable order of St. Michael and St. George. Until the coming of Sir William L. Allardyce and his wife, Lady Elsie E. Allardyce, there appears to have been no local effort to bring a better industrial life to the people of the outports; through them there has been established the Newfoundland Outport Nursing and Industrial Association, which completed three years of modest usefulness on June 30, 1926.

"Nonia," as it calls itself by a combination of initials, endeavors to do more than help the sick.

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It is trying to relieve the tedium of idleness between fishing seasons and find profitable home occupation for women and girls. The paper companies are taking many men during the winter into the woods, but for the women there is little or nothing to do save in their slender housekeeping.

On the medical side, away from St. John's, there are but forty-five physicians, some of them with "practices sixty miles in length," as Nonia reports. There are few connecting roads, and the water-routes are not always at the service of the doctors. Good nurses can do much, and the Nonia officials are endeavoring to install numbers of these where they can be most useful. In this the organization has made effective a movement begun in 1920 under the administration of Governor Harris, which centered in an Outport Nursing Committee. This sent nurses to half a dozen outports under government auspices. On the industrial side I quote Lady Allardyce:

I had made inquiries as to the methods followed in organizing the knitting in the Faroe Isles and Shetlands, believing that there must be equal possibilities in Britain's oldest colony. The record of the splendid work

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done during the war in almost every outport so strengthened this belief that the Committee sanctioned the purchase of Shetland garments as samples and patterns. Each nursing district was circularized, doctors were approached, and on our personal visits to the Outports in H.M.S. *Wistaria*, the idea was explained and the knitting of the Scottish fisher girls shown to their outport sisters. Keen interest was aroused, and the urgent need for some such work in Fortune Bay gave us courage to send out our first wool. Dr. Wilfred Grenfell offered to lend one of his trained weavers and we procured the services of Miss Minnie Pike of Red Bay, who set out from St. John's on August 11, 1922, armed with a small case of wool, needles, some Shetland garments as patterns, and a barrel of whole wheat flour. She knew little or nothing of knitting, but in response to a telegram, a loom was sent from St. Anthony, and for two months, under the guidance of the Rev. H. J. A. MacDermott, she went from Cove to Cove teaching the people how to weave. Both men and women came to learn and that winter some of the men and children proudly wore homespun made from their local wool. The first knitting and samples reached me on September 29—some hopeful, some pathetic, all proving that these isolated people were eager to try to help themselves. That district has since made steady progress under Mr. and Mrs. MacDermott's con-

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stant care and has received over \$4000 in direct payment. Highly skilled tuition in spinning, dyeing and weaving was given the following July and August, by Mrs. Stansfield, an English volunteer, now resident in Toronto, to whom the Association owes a debt of gratitude.

At Pool's Cove a sort of knitting school has been established, with a dormitory in which those who desire instruction can reside. Six industrial centers were organized, and in 1924 the Reid Newfoundland Corporation gave the Nonia organization headquarters in its building. Mr. T. V. Hartnett, the American head of the Imperial Tobacco Company, became treasurer, and the enterprise took on substantial shape. Industrial organizers were put in the field. There are now thirty-five industrial centers, with larger quarters in St. John's; and a method of marketing products has been developed. The weavers made a good showing at the Wembley exhibition, and the market is extending to Canada and New York. A London committee has been found to push the enterprise in England. As a result of all this effort, considerable money is filtering into the outports, competent nurses are increasing in numbers, and there

is developing an art of rug-making that shows much individuality.

On the nursing side nine experts are stationed respectively at Rose Blanche, Joe Batt's Arm, Hant's Harbor, Garnish, Port Saunders, Bonne Bay, Pouch Cove, Jackson's Arm, and La Scie. Local outport nursing committees supervise the work. Wool, needles, patterns, and material supplies are furnished from the central station in St. John's. There are more than three hundred supporting members.

The inevitable effects of a low dietary are visible in the aspect of the outport people, and the "hardy" race is anything but that, save, perhaps, in willingness to endure discomfort and poor food; it is responsible for much sickness. To introduce variety and wholesome cooking would be real missionary work. Codfish heads, tea, flour, molasses, and salt meats do not furnish much encouragement to the gastric juices. Yet it is hard to tempt people from a limited to a varied diet. High food costs and lack of kitchen knowledge work together, while people who eat few articles are shy about trying novelties.

In native speech the name of the Great Island is

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pronounced short, with the syllables compressed into "Newfoundland." Americans are likely to draw it out as "Noo-f-o-u-n-d-land." Crushing syllables is a habit of native speech, together with one of splitting a word in the middle and attaching the last syllable to the first of the next. This renders their talk hard to understand at first and has the effect of creating a peculiar dialect.

Dependent mainly on their own resources, the Newfoundlanders are reliant men. With boats, sails, and nets, they are, of course, at home, but they are also handy at trades. The mill-builders at Corner Brook and Grand Falls have found them useful and reliable, but untrained in skilled arts; they could, however, lend a hand at almost anything requiring strength or ingenuity. The Great Island does not afford much opening for skilled plumbers or bricklayers, and so, on large jobs, these have to be imported. Halifax furnishes most of them. Thirteen bricklayers from that town were imported to raise the wall of the tall new hotel at St. John's. It was the first steel structure in the city and required a knowledge not to be had from local experience. As carpenters the Newfoundlanders



The Third Falls Grey River

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are, however, expert. They are also excellent machinists and can work well with tools.

While organizations are not as numerous in Newfoundland as in America, the Rotarians have one of their whizzing associations in St. John's. The Masons are in evidence, along with the Knights of Columbus. A Benevolent Irish Society, a Total Abstinence Society, Sons of England, Society of United Fishermen, Odd Fellows, a Star of the Sea Association, a British Society, and a St. Andrew's Society are additional brotherhoods.

In the Western world Newfoundland was the first to adopt daylight saving. Its solar noon hour compares in hours and minutes with the rest of the earth in this fashion: Amsterdam, 3:51 faster; Bombay, 8:23 faster; Barbados, 0:27 slower; Baltimore, 1:35 slower; Boston, 1:13 slower; Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, 0:42 slower; Cadiz, 3:06 faster; Dublin, 3:06 faster; Edinburgh, 3:18 faster; Genoa, 4:07 faster; Gibraltar, 3:10 faster; Halifax, 0:43 slower; Hamburg, 4:11 faster; Lisbon, 2:54 faster; Montreal, 1:23 slower; Madrid, 3:17 faster; Malta, 2:33 faster; New Orleans, 2:29 slower; New York, 1:24 slower; Na-

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ples, 4:28 faster; Portland, Maine, 1:10 slower; Philadelphia, 1:30 slower; Quebec, 1:13 slower; Rome, 4:21 faster; St. John, New Brunswick, 0:47 slower; San Francisco, 4:39 slower; Santiago de Cuba, 1:32 slower; Toronto, 1:47 slower; Washington, 1:37 slower.

St. John's, the capital of Newfoundland, is a city built upon a rock, sloping toward the sea, upon which, however, it does not look. It lies along a snug harbor, entered through a narrow pass that keeps out the storms, behind two great cliffs that shut off the early sun and add grimness to the surroundings. The twin giants are bold and bare; though they protect the city, they also hamper it in a curious way. The warming rays of the sun do not reach its lower levels until mid-forenoon and they govern the activities of the business community. Nowhere do professional men have so short a day. The business hours appear to run from ten to four and are not very strenuous at that. Just as Nova Scotia spends much of its time waiting for its great tides to come and go, so St. John's seems to wait for the sun.

For a time after the passage of the Volstead Act, the use of St. John's as a transfer point for liquor

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destined to reach the United States by devious routes was considerable. The longshoremen became greedy for a larger share in the profits of the business and added their exactions to the government tax, making the cost excessive to the speculators, who then shifted their cargoes to Halifax. Only about 40,000 cases of Scotch whisky were in store during my stay. I found 60,000 on the government dock at Halifax, in company with enough champagne to float a good-sized schooner. How much was stored at St. Pierre and Miquelon would admit of a liberal guess. Much happens at sea that is never heard of ashore. The morning of my arrival in Halifax three steam vessels cleared somewhat indefinitely for "the sea," which is a large wet place. I suspect they turned up somewhere off Montauk Point. The phrase reminds me of the pirates' hail:

"Who are ye and whence do ye come?"

"Gentlemen of Fortune from the sea!"

When more than ten persons gather before the entrance of any building or inclosed wharf in St. John's for the purpose of entering, they are required, under the traffic regulations, to form a line

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not more than two deep on the inside border of the walk, and in this order proceed within. There is a penalty of ten dollars for violating the rule. Crushes are not permitted in the American fashion. Vehicles pass each other on the left.

The clerics of the island, aside from the spiritual overseers, include eighty Catholics, seventy-five Episcopalians, and fifty-four Methodists of the cloth. Three Presbyterian and two Congregationalist clergymen have parishes.

Two-cent postage prevails throughout the island and to Canada, the United States, and Great Britain.

The police are all under state supervision; an inspector-general has under his command 112 men. Of these, sixty are stationed in St. John's; the others guard the towns and outports.

The United States, Belgium, Brazil, Denmark, France, Italy, Norway, Sweden, Portugal, Panama, and Spain maintain consulates, all located in St. John's. The colony's relations with other British possessions are regulated by treaties. The treaty with Jamaica has recently been revised.

Under the will of the late Cecil Rhodes, Newfoundland is entitled to one scholarship at Oxford.



St. Johns. from Mount Scio

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This has been regularly in use ever since 1904.

Local shipping registers about 150,000 tons under sail and 22,000 steam. Trade-unionism is strong in St. John's, where the shipwrights, tin-smiths, tailors, shoemakers, plumbers, iron-molders, trackmen, bricklayers, masons, carpenters, coopers, longshoremen, printers, and firemen are all organized.

Soft coal from Sydney is the chief fuel, though considerable anthracite is imported from the United States and Wales. The Sydney product is highly flavored with sulphur, and its smoke adds pallor to the dilatory sun. It tints the buildings as well as the atmosphere, yet the effect is rather pleasing, and the vapors give the cliffs a dreamy aspect; in the winter, when softened by snow, the outlook is restful in its tones of silver and gray.

Though Canada has made it plain to his Majesty that it does not wish to have any more of its citizens ennobled, Newfoundland has filed no such objections. It has a long list of Sirs, who are Knights of the most distinguished order of St. Michael and St. George. The Sir forms a convenient handle, and so many have been honored with the title as to make it almost democratic. Pre-

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miers are usually decorated, and as these average one about every ten months the crop is plentiful. The order was founded in 1818, by the fourth George, to honor his servants who earned distinction in the affairs of the Mediterranean, and was expanded in 1877 to include "the natural born subjects of the Crown of the United Kingdom as many have held or shall hold high and confidential offices within Her Majesty's colonial possession, and in reward for services rendered to the Crown in relation to the foreign affairs of the Empire."

The Great Island is mountainous, though none of its elevations are high. They acquire majesty, however, from having their bases at sea-level. Halfway Mountain, overlooking Indian Lake, rises 1400 feet; Notcheo, its neighbor, 1550; Mount Musgrave, near Humbermouth, is 1750 feet tall. The Cape Anguille mountains near Codroy have an extreme top figure of 1832 feet. Mount St. Gregory dominates the beautiful Bay of Islands on the west coast, towering 2226 feet. Hodges Mountain, inland, near Badger Brook, is a dignified eminence of 2200 feet. The four Topsails—Gaff, Mizzen, Fore, and Main—are respectable heights.

South Summit, on Bay St. John, northwest coast, is 1610 feet in altitude. Mount Peyton, near Bishop's Falls, is a symmetrical elevation of 1670 feet. Table Mountain, near Port au Basques, is a worthwhile peak of 1700 feet, almost on the edge of the sea. The most important group of hills is the Long Range, on the west coast, from Bonne Bay to Hawk's Harbor; the mountain-climber will find plenty of adventure in scaling their bold and rocky reaches.

The rivers have length as well as volume. The Exploits is two hundred miles long, the Gander one hundred, and the Humber seventy. Some of the lakes are large, Grand Lake being sixty miles in length, Indian forty, and Deer eighteen.

When the wind blows in Newfoundland, it is with the breath of a giant, and the snow drifts into fortifications. Yet the depth is not great as a rule, no more than is needed for easy work in the woods or getting about on sleighs. The drifting flakes, however, fill railway-cuts and block roads, as elsewhere. When the snow falls normally, without wind, the effect is lovely against the landscape. It comes gently, soft as eider-down and with a misty

background, to which it affords a silver veil. Hills fade into this in vistas pleasing to the eye, and the ever present fir-trees, with their pointed tops, add elegance to the view.

Great tales are told of the power of the gales on the west coast, where the wind seems to pour into a funnel between Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, reaching its highest velocity along Grand River. It is related that once an entire train of nine cars was tipped over in the neighborhood of George's Bay, and occasionally a house goes down before the wind. This is the result of steady high pressure and not of the cyclonic qualities of our own prairie blasts, where tornadoes carry towns in the next county in the form of kindling wood, and blow straws through oak planks. The north has a gigantic breath and takes deep respirations. It is to wind-pressure that the small size of the timber is attributed, just as on the prairies trees will not grow at all for like reason. One comes to believe, after facing a Newfoundland breeze, that Boreas is a reality and must operate a wind-factory in some polar cave. But the storms have the merit of giving a tonic to the air that is not to be found in that of languid lands where only zephyrs fan the sweat-

ing face. The Newfoundland wind does not swoop down destructively like a tornado or typhoon; it just comes and stays!

Close-fitting caps constitute the common head-gear for men; they are warm and do not blow off easily. Despite the lively atmosphere, women's skirts approach the brevity of those worn in the United States.

A good hotel usually makes a good town—plus good newspapers. The good hotel has come to St. John's, after hundreds of years of waiting. It has been built, with government backing, on a commanding site overlooking the harbor, near the governor's mansion, and is so located that its vicinage can be beautified, though the immediate neighborhood is not now ornate. A corporation, the Newfoundland Hotel Facilities, Limited, is in charge. There is an unhappy conjunction in this title between "Facilities" and "Limited," but it goes no further. The fine structure—really a public house in its true sense, since it is financed by the state—has two hundred rooms, all outside, with commodious ball and dining rooms, a wide foyer, parlor, garden, and all the elegance of an up-to-date modern hostelry. It was completed in June, 1926, and

gives to this city of forty thousand people its first social center, and to the tourist, adequate and attractive accommodations. "The Royal Newfoundland Hotel" is its full name. Its construction is of steel, brick, and concrete; the first modern building to be built in the city.

While roads are still few and the tariff on automobiles high, twelve hundred cars are registered in St. John's, and the number is growing, with the customary results of highway improvement and extension. Pony-paths and dog-trails are giving way to the good thoroughfares that are fast opening up the country and improving communications. They will also increase comfort and prosperity, just as like improvements have benefited the rural regions of the United States and Canada. Quebec furnishes a shining example, with the aid of the sale of liquor by the province to the Yankee tourists who flow over the border in the millions. Travelers can wet their whistles in Newfoundland under the same system. New steamers of both the Red Cross and Furness lines began landing at St. John's in 1926, greatly increasing enjoyment of travel, and furnishing luxurious sea-voyages from New York and Boston to St. John's.

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The next need of the city is a good theater. Its construction will probably be in order after the hotel. There are five moving-picture houses, all of inferior character. One is a big wooden barn, used occasionally for theatrical and concert performances, quite unfitted either in construction or safety for its purpose. Amusements are mainly social and private.

Despite the considerable trade and direct steamship communications of the Great Island, the United States possesses vague notions about it. In a pamphlet issued by the Terra Nova Motor Supply Company, for the education of American exporters, this fact is vigorously stressed:

Dealers in United States manufactures have been frequently referred by United States firms to agents and firms in various parts of the Dominion of Canada, and informed that such firms or agents handle Newfoundland territory.

We are sometimes informed by United States business firms, and export managers of American manufacturing industries, that Newfoundland territory is covered by a distributor at Winnipeg, Man., or Victoria, B. C. It is quite common to receive replies from United States firms saying that enquiries are being referred to New-

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foundland's distributor or agent at Toronto, Hamilton, St. Catherine's, Niagara, Chatham, London, Ottawa, etc., in Ontario; and to various towns and villages in the Maritime provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, St. John's, Newfoundland, is frequently mistaken for St. John, N. B.

When United States firms quote prices and subsequent quotations are obtained from such firms' Canadian agents it is found that they differ very considerably, ranging from 10 % to 35 % higher from the American firms' agents in Canada than the direct quotations from across the border. From these facts does it not appear that it would be to the business advantage of United States manufacturers and exporters in general to wake up to the fact that *Newfoundland is not 'Canada,'* and that it is not a province of Canada, has no political connection whatever with the great Dominion.

We have our own Dominion form of Government, our own Legislature, our own customs tariff and our own political entity. True, we are small, but we are paddling our little canoe, politically and commercially, and very tenacious of continuing to do so, and to do things both politically and commercially in our own way.

If managers of American manufactures, and export houses' foreign departments, would take a quarter of an hour a day for a week and get acquainted with the geog-

Trinity Arm



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raphy of British North America, they would not refer enquiries for their products to distributors at Victoria, B. C., nor Winnipeg, Man., nor any other Canadian centre. They would learn that Newfoundland has as great an area as New York State, that we are about equal distance from New York and Montreal in miles, but in transportation facilities nearer New York than any Canadian centre west of Halifax, N. S.

The following are actual distances:

<i>Distance by Sea</i>			<i>Miles</i>
St. John's, Newfoundland to New York			1,120
“ “ to Boston			935
“ “ to Montreal			1,020
“ “ to Halifax			550
“ “ to Liverpool			1,961
“ “ to London			2,104
“ “ to Glasgow			1,859

<i>Distance by Railway</i>			<i>Miles</i>
St. John's, Newfoundland, to Montreal			1,636
“ “ to Halifax			921
“ “ to North Sydney, C. B.			648
“ “ to Port aux Basques,			
N. F.			546
Port aux Basques to North Sydney, C. B.			102
North Sydney to Montreal			988

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St. John's is an ice-free port all the year, and rarely does drift-ice hamper steamships to and from it.

The present attitude of Newfoundland toward Canada has existed ever since the federation was formed at Quebec in December, 1867. Newfoundland sent two delegates, Sir Frederick Carter and Sir Ambrose Shea. Sir John A. Macdonald was the master of the convention, but he was unable to bring in the Great Island. He offered it four seats in the Senate, with representation in the Lower House according to population. When the delegates returned, the issue was laid before the people. What followed is best told by the late Judge D. W. Prowse, in his "History of Newfoundland":

The proposals to unite our destinies with Canada were not received with enthusiasm. The main question was one of terms; what would Canada give us in return for surrendering our independence? The offer from the Dominion on the all-important subject of a railway and a steam ferry has hitherto been vague and uncertain; but even if any such tangible offer had been made before 1869, looking back now at the excited condition of our population on the subject, I very much doubt if any terms would have been accepted. The anti-confederate party

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were strong in numbers, powerful in organization, and their leader, Mr. Charles Fox Bennett, showed himself a most able and indefatigable political campaigner. The awful tales that were told about taxation, about ramming the new-born babes down Canadian cannon, "bleaching their bones on the desert sands of Canada," had a tremendous effect on the simple out-harbour people. There still lingers amongst them a traditionary remembrance of the sufferings their forefathers endured from the French Canadian and Indian raids made in the seventeenth and eighteenth century, and this partly accounts for their dread of Canada; Irish national feeling, their hatred of the Union, brought about by fraud and bribery, was also appealed to. The result was an overwhelming defeat for the Confederate party; they were simply annihilated, and from that day to this Confederation has never been put forward before the country as a practical political question.

So the matter remains entirely dormant, with no likelihood of any change in the relations between the colony and the Dominion.

The icebergs are summer visitors, which call at the will of the winds and currents, then wander away to liquefy under the sun. They form dazzling spectacles, and are the source of much danger

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to navigation. This has been happily mitigated since the *Titanic* disaster by the establishment of a United States government patrol consisting of two cutters. By the use of radio, vessels are warned when the bergs invade the lanes of traffic.

Immeasurably magnificent, the monsters sparkle in the sun and stand out with super-whiteness against the dark water in which two thirds of their vast bulk is submerged. Rainbows play about them, and strange shapes take form in the melting process. They breed fear and admiration in about equal proportions.

After a discouraging experience with prohibition, Newfoundland has followed the example of Quebec and has made liquor-selling a matter of state concern, with excellent results upon both revenue and morality. The act now in effect was passed August 12, 1924, and its provisions regard as "alcoholic" any beverage containing three per cent or more of alcohol. Authority under the act is invested in a Board of Liquor Control composed of three members, who hold office during the pleasure of the government. They are appointed by the governor and the council and possess the power to purchase and sell all forms of alcoholic beverages.



Cliffs, Humber River

They can engage in no other form of gainful occupation while so serving, but are paid good salaries.

The hours for sale at the government store are between 9 A. M. and 6 P. M. No liquor is sold after one o'clock on Saturday, while the various restrictions seem to be wise and fairly effective. Bottles must bear the label of the board and cannot be refilled. Hotels, dining-cars, steamers, and clubs can purchase liquors for guests, passengers, and members, and also for banquets. No summer-resort hotel can sell liquor or wines to any resident within a ten-mile radius, nor can hotels serve liquor between 11:30 P. M. and 9 A. M. Permits are issued covering these concessions. All permits expire with the year but are renewable on application. No liquor can be sold to minors or to owners or inmates of disorderly houses. Habitual drinkers, persons convicted of drunkenness, Eskimo, Indians, and inmates of public institutions are also barred. So are policemen when on duty.

Outside of hotels and clubs it is unlawful to consume liquor in a public place, to be intoxicated in public, or to permit drunkenness in any house of which one may be owner, tenant, or occupant.

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I made three visits to one of the commission's sales-rooms; three are maintained in the city. It was located conveniently to the office of the "Morning News" in a building that has a sinister look and is bare and unattractive. Here nearly all sorts of beverages are dispensed. The calls were made during a holiday week, and there was always a brisk custom. Most of the men looked like laborers, artisans, or fishermen. A few ordered beer by the dozen bottles, but most of them bought rum. Rum is the favorite beverage in Newfoundland. It appears—at least, so I was told—that rum cannot be adulterated as other liquors can, without betraying the iniquitous fact, so that the buyer always knows what he is getting. Better-class citizens buy wines, mostly port and sherry. A small amount of brandy is consumed, but it is expensive. Perhaps there is private mitigation for this via St. Pierre and Miquelon—after dark.

The Quebec plan has added a quarter of a million or so of much needed revenue to the receipts of the colonial government. I asked one of the clerks for a price-list. He politely removed one from the wall and gave it to me. The stock offered showed a pleasing variety. There were eight brands of

rum, seven produced in Demerara and one in Barbados. The highest priced was a Demerara special known as "C"; this came to \$2.50 a bottle. There were four varieties at \$1.50. Eleven kinds of Scotch whisky could be had at prices ranging from \$2.50 to \$4.50 a bottle. G. Girard's brandy sold at \$8.50 a bottle; other sorts ranged from \$3 to \$4. Eight kinds of champagne were purchasable, with Pommery, Mumm and Clicquot being held at \$5 a quart. Pints of other varieties sold at \$2.50. Good red and white Bordeaux were as low as \$1 a bottle. Newman's port at \$2.50 led four brands of that gouty fluid. A flask of amontillado could be had for \$2.50. Sparkling vintages cost \$3 uniformly. Holland gin was catalogued at \$2; Gilbey's gin at \$2.20. The cordials were costly, crème de menthe commanding \$4 a bottle and Benedictine \$5. Twelve varieties could be bought. Bass was 20 cents a pint bottle, and Pilsener 25. No Canadian rye or Bourbon whiskies were to be had; otherwise the most finicky tastes seemed to be met. Only one bottle a day can be had by the same person. But as the year covers 312 working days, thirst cannot cause undue suffering in St. John's.

Under the Liquor Act the government cannot es-

tablish a commission sales-room in a community save by request, backed by a two-thirds vote. So far none of the towns or outports have asked for the blessing. As usual, two reasons for this were given. The temperance advocates laid it to the moral sense of the communities; the unregenerate, to the plenitude of home-brew. The molasses-barrel is an adjunct of every fisherman's home, and he is reputed to have quickly learned the simple chemical process by which treacle can be made alcoholic. The wicked averred that the practice was very common; the good, that it did not exist at all. Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell is among the latter; he said he knew what he was talking about; so did the other fellows. The French islands probably care for the south coast. Nova Scotia is dry and so could only bootleg at the best, which is hardly feasible. Up Labrador way they may be too unprogressive to distil. One of my informants was severe in his complaints about the prevalence of home-brew. He said that before prohibition a jug of rum would last a family all winter and would be used mainly as a remedy for coughs and colds; but since then the molasses had been going into rough rum by the barrel, to the great demoralization of

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the outports. I know no facts myself, but quote both sides. Where there is so much time to spare, mischief may find work for idle hands to brew!

Whatever may have been the evil work of liquor in the past, there is little surface evidence of it now. The "Newfoundland Gazette" listed but thirteen convictions for drunkenness in November, 1925. This scanty showing in a population of 262,000 does not indicate much demoralization, unless the police and magistrates are unduly lenient, which is hardly likely. Two of the November delinquents were women. I am bound to say at the homes I visited there was much less proffering of liquor than in similar ones in these dry United States. Tea was usually preferred to cocktails.

It may be explained further that to pass a referendum in Newfoundland forty per cent of the voters must go to the polls. Though 61,501 were registered when prohibition was put to vote less than 30,000 went on record—24,950 for and 5,362 against. The law went into effect June 1, 1917.

There are no indigenous Indians left in Newfoundland. A few families of Micmacs from Nova Scotia make free with the game and direct hunters through the wilds. The aborigines were among the

earliest on the northern coast to succumb completely to the white invasion. They survived, as elsewhere, under French rule, but so soon as the fierce Scotch-Irish got the upper hand, their days were numbered, as in our own Appalachia. These natives were known as Beothuks, and their tale is short and sad. According to Judge D. W. Prowse, the historian of Newfoundland, "There can be no doubt that the settlers hunted them like wolves, and shot them in cold blood whenever they encountered them."

In this manner they were gradually exterminated. Probably their numbers were never large. Some authorities seem to think that certain survivors may have made their escape to Labrador, by way of the Bay of Seven Islands. There is tradition to that effect. A short effort was made to civilize the red people so late as the beginning of the nineteenth century. This was resented by the populace, and Governor Gambier was informed: "The people did not hold with civilizing Indians, as they think that they kill more than they did before." The doom of the remnant was sealed in 1810, when Admiral Sir John T. Duckworth became governor. He sent Lieutenant Buchan, an officer of H. M. S. *Pike* with a small detachment of sailors and marines

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to the Beothuk country along the Exploits River, with the idea of bringing them to some sort of terms. Two marines who were left with the Indians were murdered. Soon afterward the last Beothuks disappeared, but a number were found dead, apparently from starvation, endured in fleeing from their white enemies.

CHAPTER IX

LABRADOR

THE jurisdiction of Newfoundland extends to Labrador, fourteen miles from its northernmost point, across the Strait of Belle-Isle. Part of this vast region is unexplored, and the mention of it is likely to bring a shiver to the uniformed. Much has been heard of the country through the philanthropic peregrinations in America of Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, who is reputed to have raised \$5,000,000 for medical and other relief to the Labradorians and the outport fishermen of Newfoundland. Some Newfoundlanders, without decrying the philanthropy, feel that a wrong impression has grown out of it. They contend that Labrador's hardships are self-chosen by its people, just as were those endured by American frontiersmen, and that Labrador, instead of being a land of desolation, is one of promise, lying latent to await the call of the world.

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It holds, they believe, untold wealth in undiscovered minerals, and, beyond this, is rich in forests and possesses a mighty industrial potentiality in prodigious water-powers that can never run dry. Moreover these debouch upon safe harbors, where shipping can find easy haven, and from which products can be cheaply sent to market.

Labrador, in the matter of cold, is not so badly off as the wind-swept plains of Alberta, on which goodly cities are growing, and where a farming population has successfully established itself. Near Europe as it is, Labrador must some day invite industrial consideration, when the other possibilities are worked out. Indeed, the world thinks too little of it at present. If Norway, Finland, and Sweden can prosper, so can Labrador in due season; it partakes of the nature of these energetic lands.

So far, only the fisheries have been exploited, and these after the manner of the Newfoundland out-ports—a short season, with long winters of idleness and too often, despair growing out of it. Isolated they are, and will be, until a railroad creeps across from Chicoutimi to make the coast accessible and to put the interior water-powers to use. Some im-

proved method of electrical transmission will lead to the harnessing of the turbulent rivers. These are the Hamilton, Northwest, Pinware, Lewis, Alexis, Gilbert, Hawkes, South, Eagle, and White Bear. Of these, the Hamilton is the most powerful. It rides over the celebrated Grand Falls, 315 feet, or more than twice the height of Niagara. The Hamilton is a prodigious stream, originating in a plateau 1880 feet above sea-level and pouring a tremendous torrent into the deep. Its total length is about three hundred miles, studded with power-sites. Mr. John Power, the distinguished engineer of the Reid Newfoundland Corporation, estimates that, aside from Grand Falls, the accessible water-power of Labrador is equivalent to three and one half million horse. Man may find a way—perhaps by radio—of sending current generated in Labrador across the Atlantic by the time England's coal is gone.

In Grand Falls and its rapids, the Hamilton River drops 760 feet within twelve miles, with a water movement of fifty thousand cubic feet a second. This, it is estimated, would be capable, if developed, of producing the enormous quantity of 4,200,000 horse-power. There is nothing like it in

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all the wide world. Beside, the flow is steady and strong. To harness the Grand Falls is likely a problem beyond present-day engineering, taking into account their remoteness. But when the need comes, they are there to fulfil requirements. Nature has yet to successfully defy man.

The area of Labrador over which Newfoundland claims jurisdiction is approximately 110,000 square miles, or a little less than one fourth of the so-called peninsula. The rest is Canadian, or no-man's-land. The Newfoundland part contains the water-power, the fisheries, and the forests, which are looked upon as provision for future paper supply. The timber, like that of Newfoundland, is excellent for the purpose of pulp-making, cutting around four cords of usable wood to the acre. As there are about 60,000 square miles of timber-land, the experts figure there are 75,000,000 cords of pulp-wood, enough to produce an incredible quantity of yellow journals and billions of tabloids. So there is no need for a scare about the future newsprint supply; if anything, there is too much of it.

Newfoundlanders point to the great returns in timber, minerals, fish, and furs that the United States has derived from Alaska, once referred to

contemptuously as Seward's Folly. They regard Labrador as another Alaska. As a source of power, it is much better situated. The Alaskan salmon industry might be duplicated in Labrador, whose cod-fisheries are estimated to produce \$1,500,000 in value per year. The salmon have been well nigh exterminated by ruinous methods, but if protected and propagated they would return. Great fishes are still caught in traps, now and then a sixty-pounder, but they no longer pack the rivers at spawning-time.

The Grand River Valley is known to contain large deposits of iron in magnetite and hematite forms, and the rare stone called labradorite abounds plentifully near Nain and along the Northwest River. This is a lime-feldspar, colorless to grayish and smoky brown, giving out, according to Dana, "beautiful internal reflections."

Somehow the land long ago gained ill repute for hardship and desolation. Jacques Cartier, first of French explorers, called it "the land God gave Cain," with "not one cart-load of earth on the whole of it." Its name has remained a synonym for the jumping-off place. The sagas of the Northmen indicate that they found it by misadventures from

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Iceland and Greenland. John Cabot is credited with being the first voyager to really put it on the map. Venturesome Portuguese gazed on its rocks and turned away appalled. The bold Martin Frobisher came next, and after him Captain John Davis. Both were hunting the Northwest Passage.

John Cabot's son, Sebastian, declared that the shoals of codfish off Labrador, were so numerous that they "stayed his shippes." So early as 1534, Basque whalers came from the Bay of Biscay to capture cetaceans off the Labrador coast, followed by the fishermen of La Rochelle to prosper on cod and herring. There is some mystery about the disappearance of herring from Labradorian waters, where they were once plentiful and of large size—seventeen inches in length and of a pound or more in weight. They declined in quantity fifty years ago, and no one has yet explained the reasons for their going. Presumably the greedy codfish consumed so much of their spawn as to discourage home-making for herring in the chill waters.

For whatever reason, the plentiful flounder is despised. A favorite fish in New York markets and down East, it is rejected by Newfoundland

and Labrador. The filet of sole in a metropolitan restaurant is the "drab-fish" in Labrador and used only as food for dogs. Portland, Maine, is equally fastidious. Yet it is one of the sweetest and most delicious of sea-fishes. The distaste for flounder saves it as food for the lordly halibut, who regards its plebian neighbor as a delicacy. Devoted to cod, the Labrador fishermen do not venture a hundred and fifty miles offshore to catch halibut, huge fish that sometimes run up to three or four hundred-weight in size. Yankee boats from Gloucester and Provincetown work this gold-mine on the Banks. For one thing, the Labrador fishermen would have no market for the giants, if they caught any, since they are shut out by tariffs and distance. Cod can be cured, and half the world is a market for it. So fishermen cannot reap riches that lie at their feet.

The rock-cod, mussel, and clam supply winter food for the people, along with codfish heads, flour, and molasses. There is an arctic shark that grows to a fifteen-foot length, from whose full-grown liver sometimes as much as thirty gallons of oil can be extracted. It takes trouble to catch the villain; this usually comes about when he is found threshing nets to pieces, in efforts to free his powerful

body from entanglement. This shark never attacks men, and its flesh is inedible. Seal meat is its favorite diet, though the fishermen tell tales of its taking bites out of a living whale.

Whales are plentiful off the coast and are hunted to a considerable extent. There are six varieties, of which the beluga or white whale, the sulphur-bottom (largest of the lot), the finback, and the humpback are most common. Then, too, the narwhal, with its unicorn horn of spiral ivory, is also numerous. The humpback gives the least oil of all, but its flesh, when young, is palatable to man. An odd thing about the whale, the largest of seaw dwellers, is that it relies upon infusoria for its food and must feed all the time to keep from starving, so small are the particles taken through its mighty jaws, which are forever straining insects out of the sea-water. Sulphur-bottoms have been taken that were ninety-five feet long, thirty-nine feet in circumference, and reckoned to weigh nearly 300,000 pounds! The skin of the white whale makes good leather.

Occasionally a sperm-whale wanders into the Arctic, bringing a gallant treasure of superior oil. The right whale furnishes whalebone, which was

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once valuable as an elastic stay for corsets; but the girls have abandoned the hour-glass figure, and the commodity is no longer a great asset. Thus does fashion play pranks with trade and save the denizens of the deep. Whaling-stations have operated off and on at L'Anse au Loup, Cape Charles, and Hawke's Harbor.

The seal and walrus along the coast have been pretty well exterminated by hunters. The walrus once centered in gigantic families on the Magdalen Islands, but only a few specimens now and then occur. They preserve their race in the farther Arctic. Most of the walrus killing has been wanton, for the animal yields little of profit, though it is of great food and industrial value to the Eskimos, who have in more than one instance suffered starvation from the destruction of this great mammal. A big fellow will easily weigh a ton or more. Bay-seals are plentiful but work havoc among the fish and are of small use themselves. I recall years ago Judge Goddard of Portland, Maine, secured the passage of a law forbidding the shooting of harbor seals in Casco Bay, whereat the mackerel at once departed for a safer home.

Labrador is a great center of bird life; one in-



Humber River

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digenous duck, the Labrador, has been exterminated, but gulls, terns, and eider-ducks remain abundant. These were once all in danger of being destroyed through the operations of egg-hunters among the coastal islands, which are the breeding places of aquatic fowl. Canada has stopped the practice by restrictive laws applying to her part of Labrador. Newfoundland still permits this wasteful form of destruction. The unfed Eskimo dogs also wreak havoc among birds and nests.

Curiously enough the spell of Labrador has been felt mainly by American explorers. Newfoundland seems to have small curiosity about its great possessions, probably because it has plenty of unexplored territory on the Great Island. No one has ever yet marched squarely across Labrador. Corners have been crossed, lakes, rivers, and falls located, but to travel from point to point by the longest path yet remains for accomplishment. Bowdoin College has sent a number of expeditions, the first under the leadership of the late Professor Leslie A. Lee. The tragic outcome of the Leonidas Hubbard attempt is still fresh in memory. His companion, Dillon Wallace, has added much to geographical knowledge, as have William Brooks

Cabot of Boston and Donald B. MacMillan. Professor A. S. Packard has well covered its physical attributes. Among other curios, Professor Packard found a whale's skeleton incased in clay fifty feet above the present-day tidal levels.

The caribou of the muskeg are numerous. Those that dwell amid the timber are yielding to the hunters. Foxes are sought for silver tips. Wolves prey on the caribou. Black bears and beaver are indigenous. Not infrequently polar bears, carried away on the ice-floes when they voyage south in the spring, make the land and work their way back to the Arctic.

Of the Labradorians, the 1921 Newfoundland census counts 3621 and it does not pretend to enumerate the Indians or Eskimos. The Indians appear to be Crees and Montagnais, of the same type as the Micmacs of Nova Scotia and the Oldtown tribesmen of Maine. They are much superior to the Eskimos in personal habits, and the women are accounted good cooks.

Up to 1870 the Hudson's Bay Company was in virtual possession of Labrador, but on the adjustment with the Dominion of Canada, by which the company surrendered its titular rights, Labrador

resolved itself into a possession divided between Canada and Newfoundland. The exact dividing line has never been settled, and it forms a subject of oratory at St. John's when there is nothing else to talk about. Canada is not bothering its head on the subject, patiently awaiting the day when Newfoundland shall join the snowy sisterhood—a time the Newfoundlanders say will never come.

In 1925 some effort was made to define the boundary. Newfoundland claimed all rights in the bays and fiords of Labrador to the end of tide-water. This Quebec disputed. Newfoundland offered to sell all the territory under dispute for \$30,000,000. This was more than Quebec felt the province could afford. The whole matter was then referred to the Privy Council at London for adjustment. There it rests.

The company still maintains two posts on Labrador—one at Rigolet, on Hamilton Inlet; the other at Fort Chimo, on Hudson's Strait.

The Moravian missions are the bright spots of Labrador. This patient and long-suffering denomination set out to save the coast savages as early as 1752. The first effort failed, but some years later the sect established itself under the

leadership of Jans Haven, who came over from Greenland, and the mission has maintained its foothold ever since. Their mission stations are called Hebron, Zoar, Ramah, and Makkovik. They extend a welcome to the stranger and the suffering, as do the Grenfell missions.

Summer days are long in Labrador, and when twilight comes—for it is little more than twilight—the *Aurora Borealis* plays gorgeously against the northern sky. For one who has the time, a trip on either the west or east coast government steamers is a thing to remember, since they make countless calls at little outports, cutting across long fiords, giving glimpses of great cliffs and far-stretching bays. Nowhere save in Norway lies such scenery, and Norway is a toy country beside Labrador. The inland regions are, of course, difficult of access. Dr. A. P. Low, deputy minister of mines for Canada, knows them better than any one else, and he gives this swift survey of their main characteristics:

The surface of the interior is comparatively level, being broken by low, rounded ridges of crystalline rocks, which seldom rise three hundred feet above the general



Rencontre

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level, and are usually much lower. These ridges lie roughly parallel, some of them being many miles in length; but as a rule, they die out in less than ten miles, so that the low land between forms a network of connected, shallow valleys. The general surface is further modified by low ridges of glacial drift, whose direction corresponds with the general slope of the country. These ridges have resulted from the transportation and movement of the loose surface material by the glacier, which once covered almost the entire surface of the peninsula. They have largely obliterated the ancient drainage systems of the central area, where the present watercourses are all of recent origin. The valleys separating the ridges are occupied by innumerable irregularly shaped lakes, which vary in size from ponds to lakes hundreds of square miles in extent. The lakes of each valley are connected by a stream, usually with a rapid current and without definite banks, following the lowest levels of the surface between lake and lake. As the streams become larger they are often split into numerous channels by large islands; many of the lakes discharge by two or more outlets flowing into the next lake below. There results a bewildering network of waterways hard to follow or map. These streams are seldom broken by falls; and as an example of the uniformity of the grade, it may be mentioned that the Hamilton River above the Grand Falls can be a portage.

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The rivers as they approach the coast fall into hard rocks forming the general surface of the plateau. The Hamilton Valley is the finest example; cut a thousand feet into the plateau, it extends three hundred miles inland, and greatly exceeds the Saguenay Valley in length and grandeur.

In the brisk contest between the Northwestern Fur Company and that of Hudson's Bay a century ago, many posts were established in the interior. With the close of the contest these vanished, and the wilderness went back to its own; it is still master of the silences. The distances have all the magnificent characteristics of Canada proper. From Battle Harbor, the port nearest Newfoundland, to Cape Chidley, on the northwest corner, is seven hundred miles as the crow flies; from Chidley to Cape Wolstenholme, five hundred miles more. To work around from Wolstenholme to the inner line of James Bay is eight hundred miles further along, though it is part of a circle back toward the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Islands are everywhere; they are too numerous to count or name.

Were food supplies reliable and the diet afforded more varied, Labrador would be a land of

health and activity, according to Dr. Grenfell, who ought to know. He gathered testimony to this effect from hundreds of fishermen, lumbermen, and visitors of one sort or another. Those who lived under right conditions found their general health improved. As in all thinly settled countries, flies and mosquitos are a pest, but none of the mosquitos are malarial. The country has no endemic diseases. Fogs are left behind after passing to the north of the Strait of Belle-Isle. The rainfall is light, and there is not enough snow to breed glaciers in the mountain ravines. Summer heat touches the nineties. The winter temperature rarely runs lower than that in Maine or Vermont; that is to say, around forty degrees below zero, with an average much warmer. Blueberries, bush-cranberries, and the bake-apple grow wild in abundance. Carrots, potatoes, cabbages, turnips, gooseberries, currants, and raspberries can be raised in gardens, the period of long light operating as it does in Alaska.

Though access from the sea is impossible in winter, dog-teams bring mail from Quebec, so that all the world is not shut out. The mail-driver makes from forty to sixty miles per day. Hunting and

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lumbering are active in the winter season. The main hardships fall upon the fisher-folks, who take on no other occupation, and must live according to the luck of the summer catch. If it is good, they fatten; if poor, they starve.

Navigation opens in June and lasts until Christmas-time along the coast. Strangely, the Newfoundland government has put in no broadcasting station, though there are a number of receivers in Labrador ports. They pick up stray fragments of sound and speech from the world at large, but send nothing out and get no word from the capital at St. John's. Perhaps they are regarded as too backward to be bothered with, but it would be a great forward step were such a station to be maintained, not only for Labrador but for the outports of Newfoundland. The colony spends but \$30,000 per annum on Labrador—\$2000 for schools, \$20,000 for steamer and mail service, the rest for collecting revenues and for state relief. Dr. Grenfell estimates that the people pay \$150,000 in revenue to the government. The tariff works great hardship and protects no industry. Canadian Labrador is therefore much better off

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than the part under Newfoundland's jurisdiction.

One weakness of the fishing industry in Labrador is the unsatisfactory curing and grading of the cod, which has lost much of the Italian market; this applies to a considerable part of Newfoundland's shore fisheries as well. Some years ago an enterprising American undertook to sell a cargo of the Labrador fish in New York, "soft-cured," as a superior article, but the effort failed. The Icelanders have been replacing the Labradorians by improved methods of handling their catch.

While the dogs of Labrador are useful as a means of locomotion, they are otherwise a pest and menace. Ill fed and full of wild blood, they make the keeping of domestic animals impossible; and this adds to the hardships of life. There is a memory of a valiant cow kept by Sister Bailey at the Cape Forteau Mission, strong-horned enough to keep her assailants at bay. She survived long to give fresh milk to children and invalids. William B. Cabot recalls the fright a pack of dogs once gave him when he landed, a stranger, in Labrador. He drove them off with a perfect exhibition of the Boston manner, but ever after he carried a club.

There was once an American invasion of the Newfoundland coast-line that extended to Labrador. The Boston privateer *Minerva*, Captain Grimes, was the enterprising raider. Grimes landed parties at the posts that were maintained from Cape Charles to Sandwich Bay on Labrador by Major George Cartwright, a former soldier who had been aide-de-camp to the Marquis of Granby in the Seven Years' War. This was in August, 1778, on the twenty-seventh day of which the major was taken prisoner and his posts pillaged. The privateersmen took away a vessel laden with salt and wares, together with thirty-five of Cartwright's men, who were induced to enlist but, on helping work the privateer back to Boston, were there thrust into jail as Britons, though most of them were Irish or Scotch. Cartwright reckoned the spoil at £14,000, a very pretty sum in those days, or at any other time. The salt-ship was retaken on its way to Boston and restored to her owner, with cargo intact, which cut down the loss. Besides despoiling Cartwright, the privateer took three vessels lying in Temple Bay and two merchant ships at Charles Harbor. It is to be feared that Captain Grimes was little better than a pirate, though he sailed un-

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der a letter of marque. The next year, 1779, another Yankee privateer paid Battle Harbor a visit, taking a sloop laden with seal-oil and destroying stores that could not be removed.

CHAPTER X

GRAND FALLS HOUSE

THE departure of the triweekly train from St. John's to Port au Basques, the jumping-off place on the western coast of Newfoundland, is something of an event. On Sunday it especially attracts the populace. So, when departing on that day, I was attended by several hundred people who had made their way to the terminal to see the cars start. The day was mild, the number of passengers few, and all looked favorable for the journey. But, as the ritual says, it is best not to be deceived. Newfoundland has ways of its own in dealing with the traveler.

I had acquired, for convenience, a private car, a small conveyance used by members of the engineering staff, in which I was very comfortable. Herbert, the steward, had made a specialty of attending private parties, and he knew how. He took good care of me during our three days together.



Codry, near Tompkins

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The car had a commodious state-room, and a stove, for use when detached from the passenger-train and steam heat from the locomotive. There was plenty to eat, well served and in sufficient variety.

The train swung out of the depot and entered a charming land. Between St. John's and the shores of Conception Bay lies an attractive country. Pretty houses dot the vista, and there are some substantial farms. Vigorous little streams cross the landscape, which were soon softly veiled in a light fall of snow, so that one looked as if through a lace curtain at the ever changing panorama. We passed some good-looking institutions, where the poor, insane, and wicked are cared for, and then invaded open country. Soon Conception Bay outspread before us, wide, spacious, and beautiful. The track girdled the shore for miles. Though it was mid-winter, the broad bay was free of ice, and it did not seem possible that it could ever freeze.

Presently dusk shut out the view. Mr. J. C. Parsons, the Corner Brook photographer, made an agreeable call. He knows the island as few others do. For months he had been photographing the progress of the vast development at Corner Brook and Deer Lake, for it is in that way that absent

owners can best be kept informed of how things are going.

While Grand Falls is one of the most important stations on the line, the schedule calls for the through train's arrival around three in the morning—no fit hour for a gentleman to arise. So it was decreed that the private car should be cut off from the express, run upon a siding, and allowed to take its chances at being picked up again. In this manner I arrived at the paper city created by the genius and enterprise of Lord Northcliffe.

The first time I met Alfred Charles William Harmsworth he was in a bath-tub at the old Holland House, on Fifth Avenue, New York. It was back in 1895, and the "Daily Mail" had already risen high above the horizon of English journalism. A new generation had come up in Britain since the abolition of the tax on newspapers, a tax that was represented by an orange stamp on the margin, which about doubled the cost to the reader. This new generation had learned to read by firmly pressing a forefinger upon each word so it could not escape until the meaning had slowly percolated into the muddy understanding of the reader. Pleased with the illusion of knowledge, cockney London

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took kindly to Harmsworth's ha'penny sheet, and he was on his way to success.

As I was then attached to the "World" in a department requiring much activity, Joseph Pulitzer, in his prime as a stimulator, wished me to know the maker of the "Daily Mail." An appointment was made for 10 A. M., which chanced to be the cheery young publisher's bathing-hour. He had been out late the night before.

That we might converse more readily he pushed open the door of the bath-room, and while he steamed and splashed, we discussed journalism here and abroad. I do not remember much about it at this distance, but the circumstances and his personality stay with me.

He was extremely boyish in look and manner. While strongly built, he had not been rich long enough to become either stout or haughty. Nothing could have been more cordial than his manner, withal somewhat damp. It seemed to me that he spent a good deal of time taking his tub, but I had not then visited England and did not know the joy he must have felt at wallowing in a deep porcelain tank with an unlimited water-supply, in contrast with the tin contraption out of which he

dangled his limbs in Britain, while half of his body felt the touch of a few pints poured from a gloomy watering-pot with an unseemly crook in its spout.

The "Daily Mail" was then a long way from the million class but very successful. It was limited to four pages, yet it prospered. This point interested Mr. Pulitzer. The "Evening World" was straining its eight pages to accommodate business. He had heard that Harmsworth restricted his advertising space, and had a longing to try the experiment in New York. Later he did—for one day. The American advertiser wants his ad when he wants it and is not inclined to go on a waiting-list. As I recall it, Harmsworth gave something like thirty-five per cent of his space to advertisers, each taking his turn, which came about once in six weeks. New York's department-stores, being run on bargain-day stunts, did not care to accommodate themselves to the system. In London the shop-keeper was only too grateful for opportunity to announce himself, as bootmaker to his Highness the Prince of Wales, at the convenience of the "Daily Mail." It was, indeed, a comfortable way to do business, though not very exciting. So

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Harmsworth lived up to his rules successfully. I recall the good Dr. J. M. Munyon of Philadelphia, who used to sell standard homeopathic remedies by pretending they were quack, and numbering them to fit human ills, saying that he had to wait nearly three months before he was allowed to tell England, "There is hope!" He rather liked it.

Harmsworth next came to New York in the last days of 1897. Brooklyn had voted to absorb New York, and the union was to take place at midnight, just as December 31 became January 1, 1898. To celebrate the occasion, for which it was largely responsible, the "World" took possession of City Hall Park and rejoiced outwardly with thunder and flame. For further *éclat*, the editor of the "Daily Mail" had been invited to edit our morning paper for one night only, exactly as he pleased. He elected to run the sheet in tabloid form. In solemn appreciation of the great occasion, the staff, with the exception of Pomeroy Burton, then city editor, donned evening-dress. Burton refused to join in what he thought was an affectation. Curiously enough, after a few years, the meticulous Burton became a partner of Harmsworth and a baronet

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after the World War, leaving his birthplace, Youngstown, Ohio, to the mercies of the Steel Trust and declining ever to see it more.

The visitor did not get out a very good newspaper, but he cheered the place up and was great fun, while Mrs. Harmsworth, slender, black-eyed, and charming, made friends of us all. Like a good Englishman, Harmsworth was clad in dinner dress and so was not out of place amid his surroundings. For one thing, he talked shop with everybody. Indeed no man ever loved his profession more or took keener delight in talking about it.

While we occasionally corresponded, we did not meet again for a number of years. Chancing to be in London in mid-June, 1906, at that delightful period when there is no fog, and when it is daylight until 9 p. m., I had some memorable contacts with him. A party of visiting Berlin journalists were given a dinner at the Victoria. Sir John Lubbock presided, and the company was rather notable. I chummed with William T. Stead and a fine chap from the "Manchester Guardian." Personally, I did not like the looks of the Prussians. Instead of being genial blonds, fitted by appear-

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ance to sit behind foaming steins and shout "Hoch!" they were, for the most part, thin, black, and sinister. Sir Robert Reid, who was then lord chancellor, made an address of welcome in the halting British style, and I thought the German spokesman responded rather surlily. I was in good company, however, and did not bother about the guests of honor.

The next morning I had an engagement with Harmsworth. We met at Carmelite House, where he had headquarters in a great square room that would be the envy of an American editor. Picking up his then associate, Kennedy Jones, a very able Welshman, we went together to the Savoy for luncheon, riding in a hansom-cab and sitting mostly on each other.

"Where were you last night?" he asked.

I replied that I had attended the dinner to the German newspaper men at the Victoria.

He broke into a fury.

"Damn them!" he said. "What business have they here? They are all plotting against us."

Now, I had just come from Germany, where I had heard the growl that followed the kaiser's

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sword-rattling of that day, and I did not for a moment believe the German people had a hostile thought in their heads.

"Harmsworth," I said, "you talk like a crazy man!"

"Yes," he replied, "and you talk like the rest of the damned fools around here who will not listen to me. I say they are plotting! plotting! plotting!"

As he said this, his voice rose to a scream. He was perhaps the only man in the world who thought thus of the Germans at that time.

Not so long afterward he came to New York again, and we had charming hours together. He went about quite by himself, roughly dressed and wearing a very small golf-cap on his rather large and loosely carpeted head. I took him to luncheon one day at Hahn's, when that celebrated restaurant made eating endurable on Park Row. It chanced that he had recently enticed a valuable private secretary from Mr. Pulitzer's service, and a coolness had arisen in consequence. The secretary had also revealed some eccentricities on the part of his former employer.

Discussing these, Northcliffe, who had now become a lord, halted just under Ben Franklin's



A Portage, Humber River

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statue in the Park Row-Nassau Street triangle and threw this inquiry at me:

"Do you think it a necessary result of success in our profession that a man should develop strange idiosyncrasies?"

"Why?" I asked. "Do you detect any symptoms?"

"No," he answered. "But I examine myself for them every night."

Poor fellow! They were to develop in him all too soon. He led a terrific life. In fact, he could not keep track of all the publications he either owned or had started. There were numerous failures. I recall his telling me he had launched seven successful story weeklies on rewritten versions of "East Lynne," and that the most successful poster used in advertising one of them was a veiled lady in a country churchyard, tracing the worn letters on a tombstone with her slender forefinger. He was a born showman. I could not perceive that he was in the least mercenary. He simply loved success and knew how to command it.

In the process of protecting the paper supply of the "World," I often had my attention called to Newfoundland as a source. Experts who were

consulted always rejected the suggestion. The country was ice-bound in winter, they argued; the timber small, knotty, old, and hard; labor scant and unreliable; distances remote and general conditions unfavorable. I frequently compared notes with Northcliffe, who always manifested great anxiety as to the future of paper production. He was of the opinion that neither Canada nor the United States offered a safe reliance, and undertook personally to investigate the possibilities of Newfoundland, about which I was myself frankly skeptical. His bold and unconventional spirit saw the opportunity there and soon surmounted all obstacles successfully.

Acquiring large timber-limits and a great water-power on the Exploits River at Grand Falls, he went at the task with his accustomed energy. Here, by 1909, with an investment of \$6,500,000, he had created a new town, with paper-mills capable of producing daily 280 tons of excellent paper upon which are printed the huge issues of the London "Mirror" and "Daily Mail." In a brochure issued by the Newfoundland corporation which operates the plant, the reasons for selecting the site are set forth as follows:

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1. Its comparative proximity to the British Isles, Newfoundland being not more than 1700 miles from Ireland, while the nearest American or Canadian center which could be chosen for the manufacture of pulp and paper would be, at least, 1500 miles further.

2. The possibility of securing, as events proved, areas in Newfoundland far more extensive and better timbered than are now to be secured on the Western Continent.

3. The opportunity of obtaining legislation of a character to effectively safeguard such areas, as compared with the facilities obtainable in more populated countries, as laws which would cause no injury in Newfoundland would operate very detrimentally in regions more thickly peopled.

4. That cheaper, though equally efficient, labor could be obtained in Newfoundland than is obtainable in Canada or the United States.

5. The fact which previous experiment had demonstrated and practical working has now proved—that the black spruce of Newfoundland has no superior in the making of pulp and paper, and that a cord of it will produce one eighth more of the manufactured product than the spruce of the American continent.

6. That timber can be secured more cheaply, logging done more rapidly and economically, and the whole operation of converting forest growth into pulp and paper

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carried on much more advantageously in Newfoundland than elsewhere.

To this might have been added low cost of construction, less than \$25,000 per ton, a most favorable basis, being about one half the amount of capital per ton carried by the big American companies. One drawback met with is the amount of fir, about 40 per cent, that must be used. Fir has a fuzzy fiber that does not mat well in the sheet, and makes good printing difficult. The Northcliffe paper-makers made the discovery that it produces, in proper blend with spruce, a superior grade of sulphite, soft and silky, which overcomes the difficulty and makes a smooth receptive printing surface. This sort of cellulose would seem to lend itself admirably to the production of rayon, or artificial silk.

Recently the Northcliffe interests acquired the Albert-Reid ground-wood mills at Bishop's Falls, also on the Exploits River, nine miles from Grand Falls, where 22,000 horse-power were developed some years ago for the purpose of grinding spruce. The Albert-Reid people found the exportation of ground wood unprofitable, as they might have known in advance, for the reason that it retains

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moisture to the amount of half its weight. They therefore sold out after a trying experience. The Grand Falls mills have built a nine-mile pipe-line from Bishop's Falls to their plant, through which fifty tons of ground wood are pumped daily to the paper machines there—a most economical method of transport—and at an expense of not more than \$200,000 can place themselves in a position to produce 400 tons per day.

For freighting paper to market, the mills use a railway of their own, running eighteen miles to Botwood on Norris Arm, by which the sea is reached through Notre Dame Bay. This suffices for seven months in the year. Another month is gained by having the steamers make port at Heart's Content. Then resort is had to storage, though the Newfoundland state railway could carry it speedily to St. John's, a 235-mile haul, where the harbor is always open. It is deemed cheaper, however, to store the paper for the period. Probably a privately owned railroad would find some way of obviating this obstacle to steady shipments.

The town bears the Northcliffe impress. It is all owned by the Newfoundland Development Corporation, Ltd., which prescribes rules of right liv-

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ing and is discreetly paternal. Homes are kept in good order. The company accepts moderate rentals and charges but fifty cents a month for electric light—as much as may be needed—produced by the all-powerful river. A moving-picture house furnishes amusement, and a union school, education. It is one of the few places on the island where sectarianism does not rule. The inhabitants looked like people of good quality, and the workmen in the mill were brisk and competent.

With so much of interest in Lord Northcliffe, I had looked forward eagerly to visiting Grand Falls. The accommodating railroad detached my private car, and I awoke in an atmosphere quite different from the misty air of St. John's. Here all was crystal-clear and snowy white. Fog and smoke had vanished. The thermometer was eight below zero, and sleigh-bells cheered the ear. The busy station looked new and clean. Small sledges, drawn by sturdy ponies, were picking up little loads of freight. But what interested me most was the dog-teams. Curly-haired curs, with a snappy look, were hitched to light sledges in threes, carrying modest loads, and scampered away briskly, the

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driver riding or trotting alongside, according to the ease of the road. From a near-by valley a great stack of yellow brick poured out a cloud of smoke and steam that soon disappeared in the cold clear sky. This was the banner of the mill. There was no conveyance, and so I followed a team of dogs and walked when they walked and ran when they ran, until I came to the town, sloping toward the river. The Exploits was broad above the mill, and covered with broken ice, tumbled about by the fall. Neat houses were closely packed together; a church steeple rose high; and a fine school-house was prominent.

I made for the mill and was warmly received by the manager, Mr. A. E. Harris, who had come to Newfoundland with the Albert-Reid Corporation, and built up Bishop's Falls. Soon we were joined by his colleagues in the management, Messrs. J. D. Gilmour and Vincent Jones.

After an inspection of the plant, where rivers of paper were flowing through the machines, Mr. Harris asked: "How would you like to lunch at the House?" I assumed this was the customary "staff house" maintained by English exiles every-

where, but it proved otherwise. Boarding a side-sleigh, we drove half a mile or so to a gateway in the firs, and by a winding road came to what looked like a country house in Surrey. It was a sightly structure of black beams and stucco, pleasantly situated at the crest of a slope leading down to the ice-clad river. The snow was deep about, and the trees were silhouetted sharply against it. Great oaken doors opened from the wide porch, and a British butler of the noblest type welcomed us to the house, with a tray upon which trembled enough glasses of fine old sherry to go around. The stock had been laid in before the war and was still ample, while age had much improved it. Parenthetically, it can be said that the supply was not limited to sherry, and had been selected by a connoisseur.

I was assigned to a room that had been Lady Northcliffe's. I had known her well, and it seemed more than strange to occupy her boudoir in the wilderness. I then saw I was in no staff house but in the mansion Lord Northcliffe had built for himself. The house was completely and beautifully furnished, ready for the owner's return.

There then followed a luncheon and an afternoon of talk long to be remembered. The next day the



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program was repeated even more agreeably. I was not eager to depart but had arranged to attach myself to the first freight train that came along. At four o'clock Herbert telephoned that one was in the offing. I tore myself most reluctantly away from the good cheer and the rare company.

As I stepped down from the portico, I said to Mr. Harris:

"I feel as if I had been Lord Northcliffe's guest."

"You have been," he replied. And so I had. By some provision Grand Falls House is maintained to open its doors to all friends who may come. Long may their hinges endure!

As I trotted along the silent snow roadway I recalled my last message from Northcliffe. It was a cablegram sent me just before his start on his last tour around the globe:

Have just finished rereading your "Artemus Ward."
Thanks for a delightful hour.

The "delightful hour" had been well returned in many hours of hospitality at the House.

Grand Falls House, it may be remarked, with all its Tudor architectual features, was built by New-

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foundland carpenters employed by Lord Northcliffe. It is three stories high on a 74 by 35 foundation, and cost its owner but \$30,000. The local workmen put it together in ten weeks. There were eighty on the job, and they carried out the architect's plans accurately. The box-topped cottages of the fishermen, which furnish the prevailing styles in dwellings, are simply constructed, so that it was no small exploit to take in hand a building entirely different in all its features and successfully erect it. The joiner work would compare with the best to be found anywhere, yet the tool equipment of the men was meager. They made up for defects in this respect by good taste and skill.

CHAPTER XI

CORNER BROOK

THE freight-train was to have left Grand Falls at 4:30 but lingered until dusk. There was a prodigious shunting about of its nine cars before we got under way. Then Herbert served a rather superfluous supper, and we went off in a leisurely lope toward the west coast, over the Topsails, much dreaded by travelers and railroad men. These are barren highlands where the ground is boggy and the track shaky, while tremendous winds sweep across them, bearing, too often, a heavy drift of snow.

We had not proceeded far when it began to snow. The thermometer had been at 16 degrees below at sunrise, but had risen high enough to make snow possible. The flakes came down lightly at first and then grew dense, adding to the darkness of the night. We crept on cautiously for a few miles up the grade (the Topsails are some fifteen hundred feet above sea-level) and then gently came

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to a stop. A freight-car had left the track in sheer discouragement, and it was the business of the train-crew to put it back by their unaided efforts. A passenger-train was expected from the west, and so the resourceful conductor cut in on a telegraph wire and warned its crew to await us at the next crossing. No one knew how soon we would get back on the track, while Herbert regaled me with an account of seven derailments in one trip over the divide; it seemed a good many for so small a railroad. But in an hour we were again on the rails—a little longer than it takes to change a tire—and went bravely on up-grade through the storm and the dark, coming at last to the siding at Badger Brook, ahead of the expected passenger-train.

The passenger-train swept by in its flow of electric light, and we took up our way through the darkness. How long it snowed, or what happened thereafter, I do not know. The car jolted a good deal, and I was awake early to feast my eyes on the Yosemite-like scenery of the Humber River region. Here was grandeur rarely found elsewhere. Great cliffs rose above a fine river, and everywhere spruce and fir garbed their slopes.



Power Pipe Line

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The river had long serene reaches, backed by cliffs, with now and then a rapid and fall. Traces began to show of the defiance of man for nature in the huge operations by which 100,000 horse-power of electric current is generated at Deer Lake for the Armstrong-Whitworth plant at Corner Brook, which we were approaching.

The railway division ends at Humbermouth, where the river reaches the Humber Arm, a wide-spreading beautiful bay, bordered by highlands, with the great white mass of Blomidon towering far away. There is little room between river and hill at Humbermouth. In this are packed station, track, and engine-house, where the poor tired locomotives are stabled. Ours suggested, somehow, a steaming horse, exhausted by a long drive. No one knew when it or its relief would again get under way, and so I adopted Herbert's suggestion and telephoned to Corner Brook, four miles away, for a sleigh. It came in due season. Then I bade the excellent steward and the comfortable car good-by and took to the open road.

It ran well up on the cliff-side, commanding a gorgeous view of the bay, and made easy riding un-

til it reached the border of the town. Here we encountered some tremendous pitch-holes caused by snow drifting across the road.

"Why doesn't some one fix these?" I asked. "An hour's shovel-work would smooth them out."

"No one will do anything for another," was the mournful reply. This conservative habit, however, is not confined to Newfoundland. Coming to the crest of the ridge, we looked down upon Corner Brook, the newest example of corporation enterprise in Newfoundland. Great mills and docks bordered on the bay, beside which lay a big steamship, the *Humber Arm* of the Furness Withy Line, loading paper. Now and then she left her mooring to break a channel toward the sea. Other ships were expected, and the way must need be kept open for their arrival and her own departure. She was a fine vessel, with a bow built to ride upon the ice and break it down. Though this was mid-January, the ice was not so heavy as in the Hudson River at that period—only about eight inches in thickness and easily crushed.

There was everywhere an aspect of newness, with a great mountain of pulp-wood that aped an Egyptian pyramid behind the mill. Corner Brook di-

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vides the town to which it gives its name. The houses were much finer in size and architecture than those at Grand Falls. The officials who manage the mills had built villas for themselves on commanding sites, and the homes of the workmen were less cottage-like than Northcliffe's tenements. The business buildings were handsome and modern. Here the ubiquitous Bank of Montreal had put up a structure that would ornament a city.

Besides all this, there was an inn, as the Glynmill modestly calls itself. Here we brought up. Indeed the sleigh, with its careful driver, belonged to the inn's livery. I was astonished to find myself in a modern up-to-date hotel, with every convenience and comfort, where only two years before had been nothing but wilderness and a few humble huts of herring-fishers. The competent manager's full name was John Trowbridge Wharton, and his eagle eye saw that all wants were attended to, while vacuum-cleaners were forever busy. If there was much of canned goods on the menu, it was not a thing to complain of. Good service, good meals, and an "atmosphere" gave quick relief to railroad-ing. A fine billiard-room afforded amusement, and the wireless operator at the mill issued each day a

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lively summary of news picked from the Hertzian waves, much more comprehensive and extended than anything found in the columns of the St. John's dailies.

Corner Brook fills a great bowl in the hills with one side open to the bay and its namesake roaring through its middle. It represents the huge investment of \$40,000,000 by the Armstrong-Whitworth interests of England, gun-makers, who are now concentrating on the enterprises of peace; they are here established as the Newfoundland Power and Paper Company. The hydro-electric development at Deer Lake includes a seven-mile canal, with further possibilities of power in addition to the 100,000 horse now harnessed. Electricity does everything in the mills. It carries logs to the grinders, turns the great stones, pumps the pulp to the mighty paper-machines which it drives, conveys the finished rolls to the holds of the waiting vessels, and heats the water to the boiling point before it reaches the boilers. These generate 65,000 horsepower. Steam-pressure is kept up by coal fired by automatic stokers. It seemed queer to stand in a great boiler-house manned by a single individual, who spent his time manipulating electric regu-

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lators. There was no clanging of doors or flourish of shovels, no sign of coal or ashes. Enceladus is here well chained.

The mills are machined with Wamsley Fourdriniers of English make, capable of producing four hundred tons of paper a day. They will have to be enlarged to double that capacity in order to pay any return on the vast investment. This can be done at a moderate outlay. There are power and wood enough behind the enterprise to insure its success on this basis of output. Newfoundland has given \$5,000,000 of its credit to the enterprise. The rest of the money comes from trustful Britons, with a board of directors, headed by a noble lord, in command. The managers are mainly from the former Belgo-Canadian plant at Grand Mère in Canada. They could advantageously take some elementary lessons from the Grand Falls management.

It was interesting to observe that the shipments of paper were all to the United States, the "Brooklyn Daily Eagle" and the "Philadelphia Inquirer" being the chief customers. When I saw the enormous energy developed by the immense investment, I fell to meditating upon the destructiveness of

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newspapers, among which I had lived all my life, and upon the great risk others took to keep them going. Then I reflected, further, how little the public or the advertiser thought of all that lay behind the thing they treated so lightly. Nature must be despoiled, rivers enchained, and unreasonable risks taken to provide paper for the press. Forests that have lived for centuries must be laid low; and to make timber available for these two Newfoundland plants alone, five thousand men must spend the winter in the wilderness, wielding axes and saws, apart from families and friends, living hard lives in crowded camps, and making sacrifices generally for the production of sheets that barely live an hour. To be large enough for pulp-grinding, a spruce-tree must grow for at least forty years. It all seems strangely out of proportion, and the reflection engendered is rather melancholy. Nor is the cumulative return on all this outlay great. The total paper production of Newfoundland had a value last year of but \$7,500,000. The Corner Brook product should bring in as much more. To do this the outlet of a large lake has been turned backward, a town and harbor built, four thousand people brought to new homes, and a general rip-

ping up of the landscape entailed. For thirty miles the current comes across country from Deer Lake to the mills, borne by wires strung on metal columns. Even ships had to be built to fit the transportation conditions and break through the winter ice. Coal must be brought from Nova Scotia and sulphur from the Gulf of Mexico to make the manufacture of paper possible. It seems like a lot of trouble when you come to think of it, that all this must be done to produce the short-lived and little-thought-of two- or three-cent daily, or the \$1.50 country weekly (\$2 if not paid in advance!).

The paper-makers have to penetrate deep into the forests, must find powerful rivers and access to harbors, if they are to succeed. There is room for more of them in Newfoundland, and they will probably come to the Gander River reserve held by the Reid Newfoundland Corporation for the next endeavor. Sentimentally, it leads one to think that the wasp and hornet made a mistake when they demonstrated the usefulness of wood as raw material for paper-making. Man is a merciless master and a callous consumer.

Contemplate the tonnage of newsprint paper put forth in the year 1925: United States, 1,530,000

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tons; Canada, 1,522,000 tons; Newfoundland, 97,000 tons; Mexico, 13,000 tons—a magnificent total of 3,162,000—all to be torn, trampled underfoot, or burned. Yet printing is called the Art Preservative. In a more modern sense, as applied to newspapers, it might well be defined as the Art Destructive!

The Corner Brook plant, as now constituted, requires 180,000 cords of wood per annum. This is cut in the Humber River region, floated to Humbermouth, and there gathered in “purse-booms,” to be towed to the mill by steel tugs driven by Diesel engines. The plant covers forty acres.

Beside producing a new town, Corner Brook also developed a poet, though he was imported, like almost everything else. His name is H. G. Ogden. I quote from “A Dream of the Future”:

The Mill was finished and working fast—
And permanent roads were paved at last,
So mud belonged to a period past—
That mud so deep and sticky!
And night in the town was bright as day,
For lights were lit in a grand array,
No longer you had to grope your way
In corners dark and tricky.



Stackers and Mill, Cornerbrook

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And shops devoted to every trade
A wide selection of goods had made,
While plate glass windows these wares displayed,
And people thronged the portals.
The Liquor Commission possessed a store,
So trains no longer those parcels bore,
For which had waited a week or more—
A crowd of thirsty mortals!

The Humber Arm, harbor of Corner Brook, is a very attractive sheet of water, into which the Humber River empties its floods. It affords a sheltered haven for shipping and is fair to the eye. So Corner Brook is most advantageously situated both for growth and as a resort for visitors. It is headquarters for some of the best trout and salmon fishing and the finest scenery. The east coast scenery is grim and mighty, almost menacing, as it faces the great north sea; but the west suggests softness and charm, with no lack of the picturesque to reward the tourists. The streams delight. They are both clear and rapid.

Accommodations for tourists and sportsmen are good; at Corner Brook they are superior. Guides abound, and there is nothing to guard against ex-

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cept forest flies and mosquitos. Before going into the woods, medicated ointment should be secured for protection against these insect savages. Intense heat must also be expected for short periods. This is one of nature's methods of making up for extended frost. It is evidenced even in the Arctic.

The Furness steamers, while not on regular schedule from New York, are equipped each with a dozen fine state-rooms, private baths, and all the conditions of comfort. They afford a comfortable way of reaching the west coast and its salmon streams.

Corner Brook itself, though company-owned, is on a broader gage than Grand Falls. The mill staff is very large, and the homes they occupy would do credit to the most advanced town in the United States. Mainly young Englishmen or Canadians, they have a keen sense for sport. A golf course cannot be long absent from its attractions, and the company has constructed a covered skating-rink for winter entertainment. Here hockey is all the go. Then the Glynmill Inn has ample facilities for dinner-parties, concerts, and other forms of social entertainment. Light is supplied so liberally by the company that no one took the trouble to turn it

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off in the daytime during my stay, while the lamps on the pyramid of pulp-wood outlined it rather strikingly by night. So Corner Brook is anything but a town in the wilderness, even if the forest lies all about.

The climatic conditions, aside from the wind, do not differ much from that of Prince Edward Island, a not far distant neighbor and the garden spot of the Maritime Provinces. It is the one place in the world where the farmer truly flourishes, the potato bringing him great returns. In a short-crop year, like that of 1925, the island, a petty unit in size, reaped \$7,000,000 or so, from this single crop. It is a sheltered spot, thanks, no doubt, to Newfoundland, its neighbor, which wards off the Arctic current, while the soil shares the exceptional quality of that of Nova Scotia, which is a milder land than Maine, though but a hundred miles away from the Great Island.

If Corner Brook thrives, as it must with so much money involved in its development, it should build up a considerable agricultural interest round about, while its easy access is favorable to the export of excess products.

The island could consume the produce from ten

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thousand farms. There exist hardly a tithe of that number. Potatoes yield an average of seventy-five barrels an acre, and oats thirty-five bushels. Hay crops run as high as two tons. The west coast has "turned off" cattle, sheep, and swine at times to the number of 45,000 head.

CHAPTER XII

THE WAY HOME

THE wisdom of annexing a freight-train for cross-country travel in winter was vindicated. I had meant to spend twenty-four hours in Corner Brook, but my actual time was more than double as much. The passenger-train, for which I might have waited at Grand Falls, was reported two hours late. On this I was to continue the journey toward home. Then word came that the two hours had grown to four. That meant mid-afternoon. At three o'clock all news of the train ceased. No one knew anything. I went to bed secure in a promise of being called. Morning came with no news. Then there were rumors that she was past the Topsails and only a few hours away. Next we learned that she was stalled on the Topsails with vague promise of being relieved. I had begun my watchful waiting on Friday morning. Sunday at noon the train came along with a tale of adventure.

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It had begun to blow when she was approaching the Topsails, and the prudent engineer advised pulling into a handy train-shed to await events in safety. The confident young conductor overruled him, and she went on—but not far. Soon she was engulfed in snow and overborne by a furious wind. Though steam was kept up in the boiler, the engine “froze” and could not be made to stir. Steam refused to percolate through the cars. The passengers in the sleepers kept on their clothes and snuggled up in their berths. So strong was the wind-pressure that it drove snow through the frames of double windows. The good priest of Corner Brook was found under a foot of flakes; he was quite comfortable. His bishop was almost as well covered, but was blanketed in his sealskin coat.

Fire was started in the end of a sleeper where a precautionary stove existed. Then coal gave out. Some one braved the elements for half a mile and brought a bagful. The second-class car stayed warm, and the diner kitchen had plenty of food. By and by the wind slowed down, and a rotary snow-plow rescued the beleaguered passengers. They were fifty hours late in getting to Corner Brook. It sounds unusual, but soon after my re-

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turn a like adventure befell a train on the Long Island Railroad three hours away from New York.

Perhaps this is a good place in which to pause and quote again from the Corner Brook poet:

The trains on their schedule triweekly depart,
But seldom exhibit a hurry to start;
Port aux Basques is the place where they linger awhile,
Awaiting in patience some news of the "Kyle."

Then over loose sleepers they rattle and swerve,
For this railway has many a serpentine curve;
When a roadbed is laid in this tortuous style
The cost is quite heavy when based on the mile!

The gauge is so narrow that people complain
Restriction of space is a positive strain;
For a seat that fits one it is certainly true
In modified comfort will never hold two.

The engine may stop and pass out of control
In absence of water or shortage of coal;
Or a train at a station may loiter a day
For another to pass on the opposite way.

The reason they wait I had better define,
For on this particular Government Line,

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Officials are strict and consider it slack

If trains try to cross when upon the same track.

Now over the Topsails where hurricanes blow—

Through valleys where cuttings are buried in snow—

Though passengers fume, yet the dutiful crew

With zeal and with shovels a passage cut through.

When sometimes you wait at a station all night

For a train that's supposed to be coming in sight,

You can hope for the best and prepare for the worst

For daylight will probably welcome you first.

When we left Corner Brook it began to snow again, not menacingly, but prettily. We wound around the bay toward Curling, the first stop, where the herring-fishers live, with a vista before us made lovely by the slight obscuration. The *Humber Arm* was out breaking a path for two delayed steamers, one, the *Beothic*, carrying an anxiously awaited cargo of Welsh coal. She was to become a sealer in the spring for a St. John's house owned by a man of the patient name of Job. Curling is beautifully situated and moderately prosperous. Her people have found winter work in the mills and commute to Corner Brook.



A corner of Corner Brook

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The train is now squirming slowly toward Port au Basques, where the new government steamer *Caribou* is waiting to carry us to North Sydney on Cape Breton. News of the *Caribou* was not favorable. She had been a week getting a wire rope untangled from her propeller and then had to spend eighty hours, instead of eight, in getting across the straits. Those on board never had a like experience in all their lives. The tale had come by wireless that the Gut of Canso was choked by ice and we might not be able to ferry from Cape Breton, which is an island, to the main on Nova Scotia. The outlook was therefore highly "juberous," as the old darky said.

Now, to make connections at North Sydney it was needful that the *Caribou* should depart from Port au Basques not later than 9 p. m. The train was normally due there at six. Nothing like that was possible, but nine seemed feasible. It turned out quite otherwise. The engine had extraordinary difficulty in keeping up steam. We would run for an hour and then stop thirty minutes to increase pressure. The curves were many and the grades severe. But it was no hardship so long as daylight lasted. A more picturesque region these

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eyes had never beheld. Hills, valleys, streams, forests, and ever and anon charming glimpses of the sea. The trees were larger, the biggest being, curiously enough, a hard wood called witch-hazel locally, though this is a bush in Connecticut, where it best thrives. These trees were as large as the white birches of Maine, but looked old and tired among the evergreens.

The winter landscape is the most beautiful of all, and here in Newfoundland it gives visions unsurpassed. It is so clean in the wild country. No city smoke-stacks pollute it with cinders, and even the roads are white. The trees loom dark against the whiteness. Hills stand out as if cut from the sky. On the snow itself are written many things: the pranks of the wind; the journeyings of birds and little animals, whose foot-prints cut cuneiform characters in the crust, each telling its own story of wilderness life. The tracks are like pretty writing, or Eastern ideographs, perhaps. They tell much to him who knows their meaning.

Yet there are other colors than white and green. Birches stand out in cool gray tones, as do the wide-armed witch-hazels. Scraggly poplars show a yellowish bark, covering gaunt bare limbs. Gray

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mosses cling to the spruces and make them seem more venerable than they are. On the edge of the deeper woods bright red glimmers from masses of mountain cranberries that refuse to leave the tall bushes, though long ago ripened. They must be driven off before they will fall.

I like the spruce-trees, because they refuse to bend to the wind. The snow clings to their branches in such fashion as to suggest Christmas. They rise in pointed patterns on the hillsides, fence in snowy clearings, and form ceaseless pictures for the eye. So do the firs, their cousins in the north-land.

There is something tender about the snow. The flakes are crystals of the most delicate form, fashioned by fairies, one is moved to think. Just as a dewdrop is a perfect lens, so the snowflake is a perfect crystal, though ever differing in design. One must blame the rough winds for drifts. The snow falls evenly and lightly. We ride through deep cuts where the plows have fought their way and marvel at the white walls on either side, everywhere without a stain.

The wide reaches of the snow-covered lakes, bordered by forests, please the eye, and under moon-

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light they glitter, with the glow of countless jewels, as Luna's rays are reflected from the snow. Indeed, Newfoundland nights, in the interior, are something to remember. The skies are clear, and across them flow the mysterious flames of the Aurora Borealis, which are here exceptionally brilliant and most often pink. The explorers have made the North Pole commonplace but have not revealed the source of the matchless Aurora.

"What is the cause of the Aurora?" asked the college professor of the napping student.

"I knew," replied the youth, "but have forgotten."

"What a pity!" observed the professor. "The only man who ever knew has forgotten."

The country flattens out a bit at St. George's Bay, and we get a wide look at the sea. The bishop of St. George's left us here, and with him several bright young girls, with a jolly duenna, bound for a convent school. The duenna played cards with a black man, who was a stone-mason from Halifax, and had been working on the new dry-dock at St. John's. He was very polite and let the lady win, to her keen enjoyment.

It was soon dark after leaving the lowlands at

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St. George's Bay, and it was also certain that nine o'clock at Port au Basques was impossible. A good dinner compensated for the delay. It was midnight when we reached the long-sought Port, a great cliff on the sea, with a narrow slip alongside for track and ship. The water was smooth, and there was some hope of making the connection at North Sydney. Though the *Caribou* was much growled about at St. John's, I found it a beautiful boat, well built, and finely furnished. My state-room was large and comfortable, and the *Caribou* rode on an even keel.

There was no ice visible until the light at North Sydney loomed up. The strait was free, but there was much in the harbor, through which we steamed in time to see the train move away from the station at the dock. This gave promise of twelve hours' more delay, which, however, proved to be only Pickwickian.

I wondered what would happen when I landed. I carried no papers of any sort and had used up my visiting-cards. The customs officers of Canada passed me on signing a slip. Newfoundland, the reader is reminded, is a country foreign to Canada. Then came the top surprise. A courtly gentleman,

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who said he represented the Canadian National Railways, apologized for the departure of the train, but said it could not be helped. That meant I had all day in the two Sydneys, which he explained would be better than a night in Truro, which would have been mine had I caught the express; it runs only to Truro, where you change to the train from Halifax to Boston. He relieved me of all care, reserved a berth to Truro, and "insured" some kind of a one from there on to Portland, my first stop in the States. An old traveler, I had never before received so much polite attention from a railroad. It was sincere, and effective as well.

There was much I found could be done in the long day. A good breakfast was the first item. Then I tested a new electric car that ran to Sydney proper, replacing the customary local train. It was so crowded that the cargo had to be thrown out of the express section to make way for passengers. The congestion caused much wrathful talk against Sir Henry Thornton, the American manager of the Canadian National, and against the Dominion government. To listen to the outpourings one would gather that Nova Scotia seethed with sedition. This was hotly echoed in the "Halifax

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Herald," the conservative journal of that town. The blue-noses are deeply aggrieved against the Dominion, which is centered too far away to care much about them.

Sydney is a fine town, built mainly through the enterprise of the late Henry M. Whitney of Boston. Here comes the iron ore from Bell Island to be smelted with coal from the near-by mines at Glace Bay, seat of a miners' strike, then in progress, awaiting a decision of a board of inquiry, which came out the day I arrived, and proved both sides to be in the wrong, after the manner of such tactful bodies. I hired a machine with an intelligent chauffeur and went to Glace Bay. There are twenty-one coal-mines, capable of producing twenty-one thousand tons a day. Some run far out under the bay. A few nights before, mobs had raided and looted a number of stores. I visited the scene of the sensationally depicted outrages. The stores proved to be three or four petty shops on the outskirts, owned by Israelites, who were not popular. The "company" town was watched by "company" police, who were afraid to interfere. One Canadian mounted policeman would have stopped the whole business, mainly the work of

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overgrown mine boys out of work and seeking excitement. The stores in the town, including a big American five and ten cent shop, were well stocked and looked thriving. There was little or no visible squalor. The company houses, save one small row, were prepossessing, and equipped with light and water. The small row depended on water brought each day in a tank-wagon.

Some of the miners living in the outskirts had found plenty of coal by digging down into the soil of their back yards. The trouble had grown out of the overcapitalization of the Besco on war-time profits and an effort to keep on doing business on that basis. Half-time and a ten per cent cut in wages had been the unacceptable remedy adopted, with the usual results.

The best restaurant in Sydney would serve nothing to eat until six o'clock, and I went to one of the four or five others, all kept by Chinamen, was fed, and went to the train. At North Sydney an official brought a telegram to my section saying that my sleeping-quarters had been "insured" from Truro on, with an upper berth, and a lower one in prospect—which came true. The ice was out of the Gut of Canso, and we were ferried over so gently,



The Inn at Corner Brook

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train and all, that I did not wake up. In the morning we were at Truro. So was the train from Halifax. A red-cap with a barrow took the number of my section in the Boston car, and there was no further bother about baggage. Plenty of time was given for breakfast; then we were off in a splendid train across the pleasant lands of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. These are fair and fertile provinces studded with sightly towns. They were enjoying a boom in the shape of a gigantic demand for lath from Florida that had taken all the spare shipping at the ports and kept the sawmills running night and day.

Monckton, in New Brunswick, at the head of the high tides of the Bay of Fundy, is a fine city. The local paper is not worthy of it. Instead of a weather-report on its right ear, it prints the hour when the bore can be expected. This is not of the human variety, but the front wave of the tremendous tide.

The dining-car meals were superior to any I had ever met elsewhere in size of portions, price, and cookery. We rolled smoothly across a level land and by night were at St. John, New Brunswick. This is a city of descendants of New York and

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Connecticut people who declined to live under George Washington and left the two States, to the number of twenty thousand, after the Continentals won. It is growing and prosperous. There was a strong feeling of the States. A Maine Central engine was attached to the train.

"You can see the difference in the way it takes hold," said a one hundred per cent passenger. "You could indeed. It nearly yanked the soul out of us. Uncle Sam was at once in evidence. The customs officials were polite and incurious. Not so the immigration inspectors. They had a duty that extended without partiality to Pullman passengers, and they did it.

"Where were you born?" was the first query.

"Portage, Wood County, Ohio," I replied, with becoming meekness.

"Oh, then you're an American?"

"Yes."

"Where do you live?"

"Two thirty-nine Hancock Street, Brooklyn, N. Y."

"Going home?"

"To Portland, first."

"Have you any documents?"

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"No."

"Why haven't you any documents?"

I did not know, but recalled afterward that the Red Cross Line's booklet said you did not need any. Then I bethought me of an accident insurance identification card. He sniffed at it, but, after meditation, said:

"I'll let you by this once. After this you have documents."

In this manner was I greeted by my native land. As the interrogation ended we crossed the line with a roar of wheels and whistles. Home again!

L'ENVOIE

I have traveled much, but usually with a small desire to go over the ground again. Not so with this journey. The call is ever sounding to once more turn toward the Great Island, to know its rivers, brooks, and bays in detail, to see more of the kindly people. Americans should put it in their itineraries of travel. They will be well repaid. It is an old and new world in strange combination, an outpost of empire, a treasure-house for the future, and a playground of surpassing interest, easily reached and greatly to be enjoyed.

